

MOVIE TOPICS.

10¢

Pantime

March 18

Weekly

Dorothy Mackaill

CONSTANCE TALMADGE'

Own Opinion of
HERSELF

—
The Start of
Rodolph Valentino

and
Betty Compson

In Pictures

—
John W. Patton's

Interview with

Eugene O'Brien

and

A Real Baby Vamp

Alfred Cheney Johnston Photo

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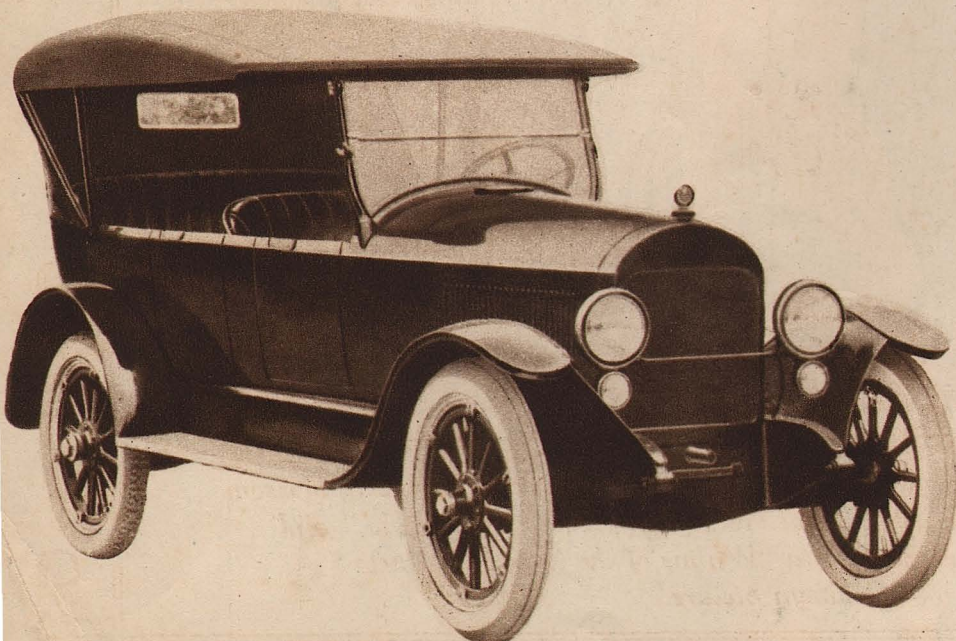
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WRITE FOR DETAILS



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"And here, in this tiny garden, lived a tiny family—What Ho, his cherry-blossom wife, Ting-a-ling, and the little What Ho." Jack Abbe as "What Ho," and Winter Blossom as the wife in "Whims of the Gods." A new Goldwyn picture.

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

OF such little things are Hollywood scandals made. At least 214 newspapers in the United States have printed stories to the effect that circumstances would indicate that Frank Mayo, the film star, and his wife, had reached the end of their romance. The fact that Mrs. Mayo was Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the noted musician, before her marriage, gave added spice to the tale from the standpoint of the scandalmongers.

The story is recited in detail, how Mrs. Mayo had made a hurried departure from the Mayo home in Los Angeles while Mr. Mayo was busy at the studio. Then, how Mr. Mayo had gone three days later evidently on the trail of his wife. That is all that could be said that could be classed as news, but the article was rounded out by a recital of the romantic marriage of the two.

"Every word of it is true, except the insinuation," Mr. and Mrs. Mayo told us in the sanctum of our own editorial room.

"My father had a professional engagement in Europe he had to keep," continued Mrs. Mayo. "I wanted to see him before he left and stayed in Los Angeles just as long as I could, hoping that Frank might finish his picture ahead of schedule time and could come East with me. We found that was impossible, however, so I came on alone.

"Naturally Frank wasn't at the station to see me off. It would have meant another day's delay in the picture and I didn't want to spend that extra day in New York alone, so I said good-bye to him before he left for the studio. Three days later the picture was finished and he came on here."

"And," chimed in her husband. "I have already paid for two hundred and fourteen clippings and they are still coming."

They had heard so much of it that it had come to be a joke to them. But it has a more serious side. No newspaper has printed a retraction. Libel suits aren't possible, and undoubtedly the names of the Mayos have been added to the list of persons who are used in support of the argument that marital happiness is impossible if either party to it is a motion picture player.

Superstition will not down. Just as the film players were getting to a point where they were discarding all the old-time beliefs and that sort of thing because the industry had broken so many precedents, along comes the startling demonstration of the "Rule of Three" by "Molly O."

During the filming of "Molly O." the wife of Jack Mulhall committed suicide. Those who believed that ill luck runs in threes began to shake their heads. The head shaking became positive nodding when Lowell Sherman was named as among those present at the Fatty Arbuckle party which has caused such an extended inquiry into the death of Virginia Rappe.

Mabel Normand completed the triumvirate demanded by the superstitions of leading players in this picture to be connected with a tragedy,

when it developed that she was the last to see William D. Taylor alive. Superstition is vindicated!

* * *

Hobbies are dangerous things. We know a man who is an expert advertising writer. During the filming of "Orphans of the Storm" he went to the D. W. Griffith studio to discuss a very advantageous business arrangement. He didn't accept it, and to a friend who was puzzled about his refusal to take such an offer, he explained:

"On the sets there, in scenes supposed to be at the time of the French Revolution, I saw tables which could be nothing but Sheraton, the manufacture of which did not start until several years later. In the same sets he was using the fancy crystal chandeliers burning wax candles. Those went out of existence fully two centuries before the revolution."

Antiques, periods and that sort of thing are his hobby. He did not feel that a man who could be so careless as to assemble such crudities could last very long so he didn't take the job.

* * *

Vic and Cliff are pretty well tickled over a treat in store for the readers of PANTOMIME. So many letters are received touching upon the actual making of a motion picture production, that for many weeks we have been looking for an opportunity to print the real low-down on how a picture is produced.

We have made the arrangements. The producers of one of the greatest successes of the present season will leave New York within the next two or three weeks to embark upon their next production. A special correspondent of PANTOMIME will go with the organization as assistant to the director. His one duty will be to write a weekly article for PANTOMIME telling everything in connection with the production.

It is expressly agreed that there shall be no censorship of any of his articles. They will not consist only of boost stuff. Everything that happens—the selection of the cast, the reading of the script,

any mistakes that are made, in fact everything that will be enlightening to you as to what goes on before a motion picture is ready to be shown in your favorite theatre, will be told you.

We would like to tell you more about it, but the producers made us promise not to reveal their names until they were out of New York.

"Other magazines have their headquarters here," said one who knows them well, "and we have promised PANTOMIME that it will be exclusive. Anyway, we couldn't take a whole staff of correspondents along."

So when they leave New York, PANTOMIME'S correspondent goes with them, and we will let you know more about this special feature and when it will start.

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Editor's Note:—Pauline Frederick has just embarked on her third matrimonial voyage. After trying it twice, a woman's reason for marrying the third time should be interesting, and it is—especially as told by this actress. Her story will be run in the next issue of PANTOMIME, out a week from today, under the title of "Three Times and—In to Stay."

"I prefer an open car, and my wife likes a closed car, so we compromised and bought a sedan," said Ben Turpin to Bob Dorman, while the two were at breakfast in Turpin's home recently. He said a lot more to Mr. Dorman, who relates it all in the next issue under the title of "Breakfast with Ben Turpin."

All in all, the next issue is one of the best we have ever gotten out. Charles Gartner tells about the big influence a dead composer has on present-day pictures under the title of "Making Pictures to Annie Laurie." Carleton Armstrong is in again with a breezy interview with Niles Welch. Jack Holt and Constance Binney tell about their start in pictures, and there are more than the usual number of interesting photographs as well as other fine stories.

Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

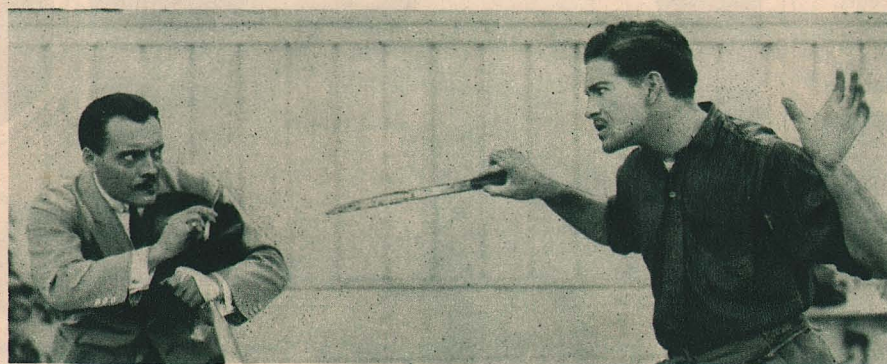
Outside The Studio



Over in France they fight duels and everything. Max Linder, who comes from that land, was bragging about it the other day. He 'lowed as how, when it came to fencing, Doug Fairbanks was a mess. He wound up by issuing a challenge to anybody on the lot. Cullen Landis took him up—with a butcher knife. Max promptly changed from French to African, and grabbed a razor. No, child, no bloodshed.



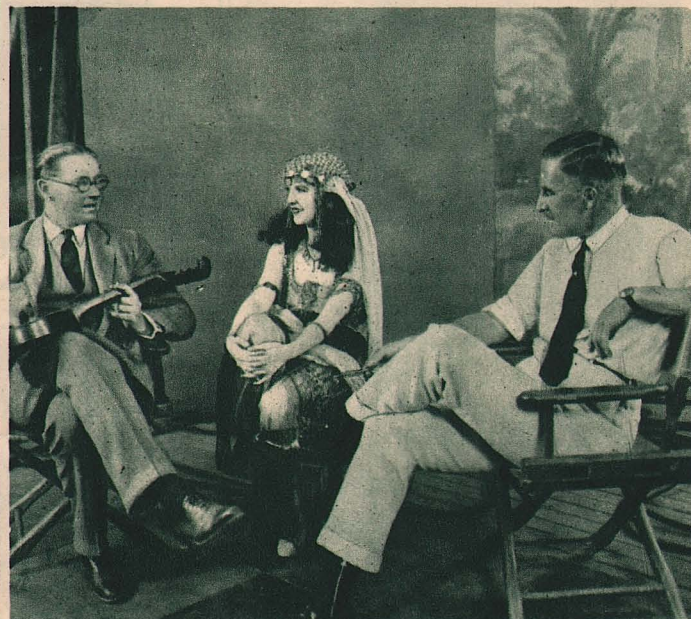
Oh, for the life of a fireman, sang Lon Chaney, out on the Goldwyn lot—and he kept on singing until they threatened to call out all one of Hollywood's police force. Whereupon Lon proceeded to show 'em what he'd do if the studio ever caught fire. This is it. You'll notice that all he's doing is pointing.



Bert Lytell says he's a great fisherman. So, recently, between pictures, he took a couple of weeks off and went down to Catalina Island. Our cameraman snapped him on the flagpole of his yacht. Probably he climbed up there to whistle to the fish.



Mona Kingsley has taken up the galloping dominoes—or, as they prefer to call it out Hollywood way, "lawn dice." At the time this was taken in California, the rest of the nation was covered with ice and snow. Note the size of the dice? That insures honesty. And those movie folk are suspicious of each other. Yea, bol



Here's probably the last picture ever taken of William D. Taylor, the noted director who was murdered in his home in Hollywood. Taylor is seated at the extreme right having an informal chat between sets with May McAvoy and Art Director George Hopkins. Hopkins is telling 'em about the Turkish fiddle he's holding.

A Regular Feller

Being an unusual interview with Eugene O'Brien

By John W. Patton

WE had been ringing the door-bell of the apartment for about ten minutes. By we, I refer to Charlie Duprez, who handles a wicked camera for Selznick. It was past noon, and I began to grow doubtful—also hungry.

"Maybe he isn't in," I suggested.

"Bunk," said Charlie. "He's in—but he probably isn't up."

And Charlie was right. For after we had leaned against the bell again for one minute steady, a voice came floating out to us.

"Open the door and walk in," it said.

And we did—and then, led by the voice, we crossed a room big enough to stage a convention in, into another smaller room. There we found 'Gene O'Brien, coily curled up in bed—and only about half awake.

I am a modest man. Hence I retired behind a screen, while 'Gene proceeded to pile out of bed. But not so Charlie. Masculine nudity meant nothing in his young life. He calmly proceeded to set up his camera, and get busy.

Now I have interviewed many people, in many places, in my time. I have talked to victims of accidents, as they lay on hospital cots. I have talked to condemned murderers in their death cells. I have talked to unhappy wives as they prepared to leave their homes, and seek solace in the divorce court. But never before have I interviewed a man starting in his bedroom, following him into the bath, and then continuing the chat while he put on his clothes.

That's what happened on this

Below: "My God, the water is cold!" he said, and the mysterious hand wrote it down.

occasion, and the different inflections of 'Gene's voice as the talk progressed are worth mentioning. At first it was heavy with sleep. Then his voice grew rather abstracted—because, before he got up, he insisted on looking through his "fan mail." (Incidentally, there was a flock of it.)

After that, while he was under the shower, his voice came in puffs. Every now and then he would break off in the middle of a sentence to announce, "My God, this water is cold!"

And later, after he was all comfy in trousers, soft collared white silk shirt, and blue-gray silk dressing gown—and with a pipe in his hand and a decanter of real pre-prohibition Scotch at his elbow, his voice grew soft and



Above: He draped himself on a \$3,000 table and continued talking as the mysterious hand made notes. Left: He gets heavy mail, but he says most of the letters are asking for money.



soothing. No doubt about it, 'Gene was feeling good. If he had been a cat, he probably would have purred.

And all the time Charlie Duprez kept shooting away with his camera.

"Hard to get this bird in front of a camera without paying him for it," he explained. "I'm gonna take enough to last me a few months ahead."

One of the real reasons I went up to see 'Gene was to find out how it feels to be the idol of 'steen thousand sweet young things who write lovely letters to you begging you for your photograph. I put the question up to him fair and square—and he answered the same way.

"You've got the wrong man," he assured me. "I'm no idol. Of course, I have a following, I suppose. Every movie actor does. But they're not sweet young things. Most of 'em are middle-aged women. And when they write in for photographs, it isn't because they're interested in me, personally. They just want a picture—with my autograph on it, because—well, for the same reason they want a picture of the President—or General Pershing, or anyone else who happens to be fairly well known."

'Gene poured himself a stiff hooker of Scotch and proceeded to grow confidential.

"This thing of having a reputation for being a wonderful lover, and a perfectly beautiful boy makes me sick," he said. "Of course, I have a lot of such roles. I suppose the public likes me in 'em—so I have to keep on doing 'em."

"But, believe you me, the only reason I do, is because I get paid for it. I haven't a bit of ambition to be the perfect lover. I haven't

the slightest desire to have a lot of girls crazy about me. I have no yearning to win a beauty contest. All I want is a little work—not too darned much, either—and enough money to live on—and just be plain, regular, every-day 'Gene O'Brien with my own friends, and my own enemies—and a plain, wholesome life!"

He stopped, loaded his pipe, fired it up, and then suddenly fired a question at me.

"Why is it," he demanded, "that about nine fans out of every ten have the idea that moving picture actors are so bloody rich?"

I suggested that it might be due to the output of the press agents.

'Gene pondered this. "I guess that must be it," he decided; "but I wish they'd lay off me. Every blooming mail brings me about fifty letters asking for money. It seems to me that every charity in the world picks on me. And I'm a prize mark for about eighteen thousand subscription agents. They take me for everything from books on psychology to the *Youth's Companion*. Why, the other day, a girl got in here and sold me a subscription to a magazine on women's fashions."

"I didn't know what I was buying. I subscribed because that was the easiest way to get rid of her. But she left a copy of it on the table—and Peg Talmadge—Norma's and Connie's mother, you know—came to see me that afternoon, and found it—and she's been kidding me ever since. Wanted to know if I'd taken up dressmaking as a side line."

'Gene scowled at the recollection. Then he went on feeling sorry for himself.

"I suppose folks think because I have this apartment, looking out over Central Park, that I must be a millionaire," he said. "It is a darned

(Continued on page 31)



A Little Lesson on Golf

By Ruth Roland

GOLF is a funny game. One day you may make a splendid score and you're all puffed up. You're perfectly certain that you're developing into a wonderful player. Then, the very next time you go out to the links (prepared to "show off" a bit maybe), you simply can't seem to find the holes at all.

While I do not get as much time as I should like for the ancient and beloved game of Scotland, I do, occasionally, manage to steal a few hours on the links of some of the very excellent courses we have adjacent to our various country clubs here in Southern California. I've also played in the East and on some of the magnificent golf courses in Canada.

Perhaps the Canadian courses are really a bit better than ours. However, we have one advantage out on this Coast—from San Diego to Victoria and Vancouver, it's an "every-day-in-the-year" game. Out here, it may be a trifle strenuous for a few months in mid-summer, but any other time in the year, you may golf to your heart's content, in solid comfort. Down at the Brentwood Country Club and some of the other country clubs, near the sea, it's been quite a "fad" recently to golf awhile before taking one's dip in the good old Pacific.

As I understand golf, its main object is to get the ball into the hole in the fewest possible number of strokes. By the advice of some of my men friends (who really are superb players)—I learn that when one begins to golf what (at first) seems the easiest way, is, after all, *the wrong way to achieve a good game.*

The tyro wants to "get there" and he or she does (after a fashion) arrive at a state of mediocrity, only to find that improvement beyond that point is well-nigh impossible. Before they show

any real improvement, almost every single thing they've learned has to be unlearned.

One splendid feature about golf is that it makes us breathe deeply and walk a lot (an exercise which we are too prone to neglect in this age of swift motor cars and aeroplanes). Another fine point about golf, also, is that it is impossible to play the game and keep one's mind on business or any other of life's perplexing problems.

For the average beginner, a professional coach is quite a necessity for the cultivation of a proper style at the start, if any degree of proficiency is sought. If you just teach yourself, you are very apt to sacrifice future possibilities of making a stroke properly, for the sake of smashing that old ball.

In making the "drive," the positions taken have much influence on the flight of the ball. These positions are known as "playing off the right leg"; "standing square" or "playing off the left leg." The first position mentioned is most usual—perhaps because the player can see better the proper direction and feels less liable to send the ball flying off at a tangent.

Some players, however, favor "driving off the left leg," as to them it appears easier to get the arms and body around in the upward swing, without the hitch which one seems to encounter about three-quarters of the way when the right foot is in front. However, the ease and rapidity with which the weight of the body and arms is transferred from the left leg to the right and back again (joined to wrist action) are the prime requisites for the "long driving" we all wish to achieve.

As a rule, the left hand should grip the stick more firmly than the right, although the club must be held pretty tightly with both hands, but

gripping too tightly with the right hand is apt to cause "pulling."

"Slicing," on the other hand, is usually caused by holding the sticks too loosely—or gripping too far around with the right hand or not far enough with the left.

In making your swings, the movement of the wrists is *all-important*—start the wrists in the upward movement and they will take care of themselves in the downward swing (if left alone). If the turn is hurried, however, the face of the club will be turned slightly in and the ball "founded" or "pulled"; while if the turn is not made soon enough a "slice" will result.

The time-honored injunction, "*Keep your eye on the ball,*" would be better expressed if one were told "*To keep the head absolutely still*" until the ball is struck. If the head is kept still no swaying of the body can be indulged in—thus insuring the ball being hit cleanly.

We all have our favorite caddies. One of mine, down at the Los Angeles Country Club, surely knows the game, and one day, when I was leaving for another of my favorite games—baseball, Ted timidly queried, "I say, Miss Roland, would you please lend me your golf-sticks? You see us caddies have a tournament on and all I've got to play with is this old heavy brassie."

Speaking of clubs, personally I prefer the aluminum ones—both for distance and accuracy. Another good feature of these clubs is that the degree of angle of the face may be very easily changed to suit individual tastes, by the simple use of a file. Or lead may be added, to increase the weight, if desired. Lastly, they do not rust.

For "golf-widows," regarding which our humorists wax so eloquent, my candid advice is, "*Learn the game, too.*"



"It's getting to be a fad on the coast to golf awhile before taking a dip in the good old Pacific."

She puts her whole body into her swing—but still finishes with a smile.

"Keep your eye on the ball, of course," says Ruth, "but also keep your head still."

Eustace Gets the Pip

By Our Office Boy

IT'S gettin' tougher 'n' tougher holdin' down a job in this here place. Ever since we got away from de graveyard down by City Hall we've been in an express coop on the chicken line and it looks fine but gets tough.

These here Broadway chickens are de ones dat showed de soldiers de art of looking like what you ain't. Only they's go farder than just looking dat way. Them what belongs in this man's town wants to make you t'ink dey don't, and those what don't are tryin' all de time to act like dey was born here.

Takin' it any way what youse want to look at it, it used to be a good shot to bet dat a'goil that says "thoity" when she's meaning three



The flappers born here make out like they come from some place else.

tens was born widin smellin' distance of de Harlem River. Then when one says "thutty," meanin' de same number, every Mammy song dat was ever writ would make youse t'ink she is from de country where de softest thing what grows is l'aled cotton.

I falls for dat stuff for some little time after we comes into dis new place. I feels sorry for de dame wot says "thutty" when she's talkin' about votes what she can get on de readers' coupon in de big contest, just cause I figure she's so far from de old cabin home. Den one day they's one of these "thutty" dames in de office, and de Boss ain't in, and she starts in tellin' me dat she'll be back in "thutty" minutes and will I let de Boss know she called.

"Sure I'll let him know," I says, "but youse'll never be back in no thoity minutes."—she havin' told me where she was goin'. She tells me she will, an' I tells her she won't cause she can't make de place in no thoity minutes, much less get dere an' back.

An' den dat dame starts in an' tells me more about little old New York dan I ever imagined dere was underground. She knows all de subways by dere first names and de side streets by dere middle ones. After de lecture, I asks her where she loined it all.

She hands me a icy eye. "I was born here, youse poor simp," she says, "and derefore I has been here a couple o' munts longer dan you'se has."

Den I loin sumtin. Dis Dixie stuff what she'd been talkin' was to make people believe she's from out of de big city. De other people what was sure enuf born talkin' de slow freight stuff are grabbing Manhattanese as soon as dey land, so's people won't know dey is greenies.

So dat's de way I loin. But dis time I either loins too much or not enough. About nine out of every ten chicks what blows into de office is in regard to de contest. Dey's had dere pictures took already down to de Island to see how dey will look in one of dem six big Crow-Elkharts PANTOMIME is givin' away for subscriptions or else day'se datin' demselves for years ahead



The dames from the sticks wants to be New Yorky.



Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes
G. Reichman, New York	9090
J. A. Fisher, Montello, Mass.	6000
L. Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.	3000
J. Kirscher, New York	3000
B. W. Sims, Pensacola, Fla.	1030
E. Whitelock, Martinsburg, W. Va.	300
Rosemary Diegan, Chicago, Ill.	180
J. P. Oppenheim, New York	180
Miss C. Monteverdi, Orange, N. J.	150
E. Cummings, Cincinnati, Ohio	150
H. Paulsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	120
T. W. Hikiert, Perry, N. Y.	120
Geneva Kappes, Waynesburg, Pa.	120
Gertrude Brademan, Wilmington, Del.	90
Mrs. M. Waggoner, Dallas, Tex.	90
Mrs. E. S. Rogers, Marion, Ill.	60
Italo De Berardinis, New York	60
Beatrice Whalen, Sioux City, Iowa	60
Jack Bolger, Salt Lake City, Utah	60
William Dailey, Omaha, Neb.	60
Peggy Mack, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
L. Schwartz, New York	30
Frances Beekman, San Antonio, Tex.	30
S. Randall, New York	30
L. Roscher, Memphis, Tenn.	30
H. C. Moore, Defiance, Ohio	30
Vincent Passalacqua, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
Betty C. Hitchins, Frostburg, Md.	30
J. Atkins, Rockford, Ill.	30
F. Baca, St. Louis, Mo.	30
P. D. J. Beekman, New York	30
A. Buba, Braddock, Pa.	30
Venturella Cordes, Hoboken, N. J.	30
C. L. Christiansen, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y.	30
A. Comite, Newark, N. J.	30
Mildred Fagen, Shelbyville, Ill.	30
W. K. Hoblitzell, Somerset, Pa.	30
Miss G. Jacobson, Washington, D. C.	30
L. W. Kinney, Lander, Wyo.	30
P. W. Martin, Fairmont, W. Va.	30
P. W. Matuszewski, New Castle, Pa.	30
N. Norton, Fall River, Mass.	30
M. Schulman, Baltimore, Md.	30
C. S. Scott, Leavenworth, Kan.	30
Eleanor A. Small, Washington, D. C.	30
Marjorie Small, Washington, D. C.	30
C. D. Sutherland, Clinchco, Va.	30
Agnes York, Chicago, Ill.	30
B. Alms, Cullman, Ala.	30
T. B. Lavey, Bristol, R. I.	30
T. C. Stewart, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
L. F. Broun, Farmington, Ill.	30
S. Colton, Newark, N. J.	30
N. Svaigher, Portland, Ore.	30
W. A. Simpson, Omaha, Neb.	30
M. Simmons, Toronto, Ont.	30
H. C. Schumard, Dodge City, Kan.	30
Mrs. J. S. Renco, St. Louis, Mo.	30
F. Salopek, Brewster, Ohio	30
L. J. Lambiase, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
E. Hawkins, Elmhurst, Ill.	30
G. M. Carter, Norristown, Pa.	30
Mrs. W. J. Ospring, Poplar Bluffs, Mo.	30
J. R. Williams, Raleigh, N. C.	30
M. Lingren, Minneapolis, Minn.	30
L. W. Prairie, Glens Falls, N. Y.	30
C. Pond, Coming, Ark.	30
Mrs. C. E. McCarty, Springdale, Pa.	30
P. Marquette, Jacksonville, Fla.	30
E. H. Lund, Salt Lake City, Utah	30
P. Q. Ledbetter, Moline, Ill.	30
Maria Stockwell, Franklin, Ohio	30
C. Knerin, Lorain, Ohio	30
J. Koschoreck, Chicago, Ill.	30
Miss Anna Jennings, Portland, Ore.	30
C. F. Jacob, Chicago, Ill.	30
S. Dofsky, Chicago, Ill.	30
Miss Susie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.	30
H. C. Honan, Ockley, Ind.	30
Miss Grace Holt, Leavenworth, Kan.	30
Madeline Noeh, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
Miss L. Hammock, Kanova, W. Va.	30
Miss Anna Dean, Chicago, Ill.	30
E. B. Cottrell, Richmond, Va.	30
F. Bocer, New Haven, Conn.	30

on de strength of de new dance steps dey will loin when one of de ninety-six phonographs we're givin' away is reposin' in de drawin' room of dere t'ree-flights-up rear suites.

Dey'se all wise chickens, too. Not a one of dem leavin' any votes, but havin' a lot of 'em. Dey want to see what dey'se has got to beat before dey take a start. Dey comes in, though, for de five-dollar shiner every time dey get six subscriptions in a string but don't leave de votes. Deyse are all members of dis club, figurin' dat dey would ruther have a friend wid a car dan to be near winnin' one demselves.

But dat ain't what I starts to say. I wuz tellin' how I either learned too much or not enough. One of dese "thutty" dames blows in. I'm tellin' youse she was worth takin' two looks at, so after I has taken five or six, I asts her does she want to leave some votes.

I can't give you nuthin' like what her answer wuz. It was sumpin good. Every woid of it labels her as one of the real "thutty" goils, so dat is why I can't make it look right in writin'.

But what she says is nuttin' about votes. What she wants is to get wised up as to wedder de editor, de chief, is in. I says yes, and takes another couple of looks at her. My eyes ain't a bit tired.

She just asks me is he in. She don't say she wants to see him, so I don't make no move to let 'im know she's here. In about a minute de smile goes off her face and she says real snappy: "Are you goin' to let him know I am waitin'?"

She says it in a way I can't write—but her voice don't sound so pleasant as it did de foist time.

"Say, listen," says I, "de editor sees so many flappers dat he has to, dat he don't let nobody in unless dey'se got business. Not in office hours, anyway," I adds, rememberin' some stuff.

Wid dat she gets real smiley again and asts me how is de best way for a goil to get to see him. I'm strong fer her looks anyway and I goes ahead and tells her a whole lot of dodges what he has fallen for. He likes new stuff, I'll say dat. She asts me all about de goils what have pulled de stunts on him what I'm tellin' her about, and how he's takin' it and wedder he liked em or not.



The Boss looked worried.

Thinkin' back over it now maybe I do go too much into details, especially about de girl what comes down to plead wid him not to use a story about her and den lets 'im pay for a bunch of photos to go wid another story what she tells him. Den de udder one what had only two hours a day down town and had to start home at four in de afternoon because de street cars took so long. She made 'im believe she didn't know nuttin' about de subways an' he keeps her down for dinner just to show her she can get back to de Bronx de same day.

Well, after I've been tellin' her all I know for a long time, cause I t'inks she must be clever or she'd never gotten de "thutty" talk down so pat, she asks me again to let de editor know dat she's waitin' to see 'im. I goes in.

"Say, chief," says I, "put on de blue specs and sew up de pockets. Dere's a blinder outside what's clever. So watch yourself cause I'm lettin' her in."

I likes de chief, and I don't like to see 'im taken in—and he's about as soft as dey come. Dat's why I gives him de tip to step careful, cause even he might fall for dis one.

Well, I takes her in. He starts up wid de old glad hand-wavin' but she don't do no gushin'. I get on de outside and waits and waits.

"Fallin' pretty hard," I thinks to myself as de clock beats off about an hour and de buzzer ain't said nothin' what would bring me in for a stall

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What I Think About Myself

By Constance Talmadge



Even when Connie tries to look serious her eyes twinkle and her mouth looks as if it is right on the verge of breaking into a smile.



Says Connie, "I love gaiety and life and love and music and laughter."

WHAT I think about myself depends upon my mood! If the day is sunny, and the country green, and the sky blue, and the daisies beckoning, I hate myself because I am a motion picture actress and cannot run away and lie under a tree all day and dig my heels in the sod.

Then again, when I am feeling awfully peppy, and ambitious and energetic, I love to shake off my own personality and become someone else, and go about the studio doing all the amusing and amazing things that happen in comedy pictures. Then I adore my work.

This really sounds more like "What I Think About My Work" than "What I Think About Myself." But, you see, with me, my work and myself are one. When it comes right down to cold facts, I would not have chosen any other profession for anything in the world. And if there are moments when I am terribly tired and seized with the desire to chuck it all and go to parties and dances, I suppose that is just the natural reaction of youth and health.

There is a wild primitive something in me somewhere that makes me want to caper in the woods, climb trees, and let out yells like an Australian Bushman. I love to scream. It gives me a thrill that I can't quite explain. Once I thought I'd cultivate artistic temperament, and when something went wrong at the studio, I let out a war-whoop, but no one took me seriously. The director and the players just howled with mirth, and said approvingly: "Connie's in good spirits today!"

I guess I am pretty good-natured on the whole. I cannot help seeing the funny side of everything, and it is impossible for me to stay angry very long at a time. I think it is because I love gaiety, and life, and love, and music, and laughter, and jokes, and peace, and good-will that I prefer to play comedies. Serious pictures have never appealed to me very much, although I recognize the highly emotional photodrama as a greater art.



Constance and her mother, whom she calls "Peg," are great pals.

But if I only like comedies, I am very particular about the definite kind of comedies I want. They have to be comedies of modern social life and customs with a dash of subtlety—not the old slapstick variety.

One thing I surely do think about myself is that I am darned lucky in being Norma's sister. She was the little trail-breaker for the whole family. Back in the old Vitagraph days, after Norma took the initiative and broke in and then went ahead through hard work and kept graduating to better and better parts, she used to take me along sometimes, to hook up her dresses, or be generally useful. I always say the first role I ever played was that of a maid!

Well, in time, she managed to work me in as an extra, and so the way was paved for me, whereas she had had all the initial hard work.

In later years, it was again Norma who interested the president of her company, Joseph M. Schenk, to also become president of my company, so it is no wonder if I always regard her as my guiding star. That sounds like a pun, doesn't it?

Even today we always see each other's pictures run off in the projection room and criticize one another's work unmercifully, or, that is, Norma criticizes mine!

I seldom have occasion to find any fault with hers, because in spite of her being my sister, I can't help thinking she is the best emotional actress on the screen today.

But, of course—I don't necessarily insist on your agreeing with me. Though I'll admit, I'll think you foolish if you don't.

What I'm trying to say is that I really believe we three Talmadge girls are closer together than most sisters. There may be such a thing as professional jealousy—but it's never hit our family.

We're all for each other, first, last and all the time. I'm for both of my sisters—and they're both for me.

But—keep this secret—honestly, I'm not worth it!

Give a Thought to Father!

By Russell Holman

OUR text, citizens, is lifted from "Humoresque"—the subtitle in which, Vera Gordon having remarked that a mother's prayers are always answered, Dore Davidson, as the father, protests: "Maybe you think a papa's prayers have nothing to do with it!"

We recall that we agreed heartily with Mr. Davidson and made a mental note to write, at some time or other, a brochure in which we would state the case for the screen *pater familias*. This is it.

Despite the fact that a woman is easier to

Bolshevik or something. Not to be affected by a "mother picture" is as bad as proposing three cheers for Trotzky.

However—and please don't whisper this to the Department of Justice—sometimes when we are watching a "mother picture"—especially one behind which we seem to hear the director shouting, "Altogether now, boys and girls, for a big tug at the heart strings!"—and we give a thought to father.

It's too bad that the children have all married and gone away and left Mother to pass her old age in solitude. We weep because she is sad.

But what about poor old dad? He can't sit around in a comfy Morris chair and mope. He has to be up and doing, making a living. When he comes home from toil of an evening, there's mother waiting for him with her tear-filled eyes.

"Oh," she cries, "Frankie and Johnny and George and May haven't written me or visited me—I don't know what I shall do." Whereupon poor Pop, instead of having his weary old soul cheered up by his helpmate, has to go to work comforting her. That is, unless he so far forgets himself as to stalk out of the house, slamming the door after him.

With due sympathy for Mother, we don't think she's giving Father quite a square deal. At the least, she's not very complimentary to his ability to provide company for her in her old age. If Mother's bored, why doesn't she visit the children—lots of mothers do—or go to the movies, or join something?

We don't believe the movie makers are giving Father the proper amount of credit. When you are compiling a list of famous mothers, you haven't much trouble. There's Vera Gordon, Mary Alden, Kate Bruce, Mary Carr, Sylvia Ashton, Edythe Chapman, and a host of others.

But do you know of any famous screen fathers? We don't. True, Theodore Roberts has played the head of the family several times in pictures—a notable recent instance is "Miss Lulu Bett"—but he hasn't played them straight. The Roberts *peres* are either old crabs or comics. They're not intended to work upon the emotions, but upon the funny bone.

Charles Ogle has come nearest to doing for Father what Vera Gordon did for Mother, by his fine performance in William De Mille's "After the Show." However, though Mr. Ogle fathers Lila Lee in the picture carefully and tenderly, he isn't a real father—merely a stage doorkeeper—and

tised as an equally great story about father-love. Well, personally, we were very keen for "Heliotrope"; it affected us quite as deeply as did "Humoresque," and we thought that it deserved a much better reception than it received. Fred Burton gave a performance as the self-sacrificing sire of the heroine that, had the picture proved more popular, would have elevated him to fame as the first screen father of the land.

But the father in "Heliotrope" labored under grave handicaps. In the first place, he started out as a crook, and passed the first couple of



Fred Burton was a splendid father in "Heliotrope"—but in the end his movie daughter stole the picture away from him.

look at, and a more potent stimulus to the emotions than a man, admitting that a greater legend in song and story has been built up around mom than about pop, and that "mother stuff" *per se* is therefore better screen material than "father stuff," it seems to us that the Old Man has had rather a shabby deal.

Not that we don't like to see Mother get her just due—and more. The "mother picture" usually lures our twenty-one cents to the box-office, and we always feel a little choked up and wipe our eyes surreptitiously when we look upon the more heart-tugging portions of the film. It does "get" you; and it should.

Besides, if you don't show the logical semi-tearful reaction to the scene in which the kiddies are all leaving Mother, and she is having a bad time of it, the person sitting beside you in the theatre is liable to brand you as a heartless brute and even have you arrested as a



Theodore Roberts is often a father—but not the sentimental kind. Still, he has hopes. So have we.

thousand feet of celluloid behind the bars. Then, just when he was doing noble work rescuing his daughter's happiness from the besmirching hands of the villainess and playing upon the heart-strings of the audience with the skill of a Kubelik, he got himself shot dead! Of course, he did it to save his daughter, but still he was dead, and the spectators' interest shifted to the young folks.

In the final scene the daughter and her young man are being married, and the ghost of Father hovers with beneficently-spreading hands at the church door. The subtitle explained that he was blessing their union, but somehow we seemed to hear him heaving a sigh and murmuring, "Father's foiled again—they took the picture away from him."

No director would have played a trick like that on Mother. Sure as fate she would have been sitting in that front pew and softly weeping

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Charles Ogle was touching in "After the Show"—but he was just an adopted father.

she isn't really his daughter—just a chorus girl waif who has appealed to his tender heart.

After Paramount released "Humoresque," the great picture of mother-love, the same company offered the fans "Heliotrope," which was adver-

Turning a Handicap into an Asset

By Margaret Maurice

THERE is no tranquil Indian Summer for Charles A. Taylor, the remarkable director who has succeeded in turning his complete deafness—resulting from a railroad accident—into an incalculable asset. Not for him are the cool gray solitudes of Looking Backward. Still in the heyday of a youthful spirit that neither age nor total deafness can disqualify, the tremendous force he puts into his direction of motion pictures surpasses even that with which he imbued his famous melodramas of a quarter of a century ago.

I do not know Mr. Taylor's exact age—the counsel of early years that "it isn't polite to ask too intimate questions" lingering, even in the interviewing business. But my mother tells me that in her youth the name of Charles A. Taylor was a household familiar among those who claimed melodrama as their favorite theatrical sport. She remembers when he brought his "The Derby Mascot" East and produced it at the famous People's Theatre, one of Harry Miner's playhouses.

Brief high lights she recalls of "The King of the Opium Ring," "From Rags to Riches," "Escaped from the Harem," "Child Wife," "Held for Ransom," "Queen of the Jungle," and other of his plays which earned him the title, "high priest of the melodrama."

Having heard some of the old-timers reminisce of how Charles Taylor had made his affliction an asset, and some of their anecdotes relating the tremendous vitality and indomitable will of the Man Who Wouldn't Be Downed, I determined to solve for myself the puzzle of how he directed, while no sound from the world without can penetrate to his eternal silence, even with the aid of an electric telephonic apparatus which in many cases helps the dying auditory nerves to function. One day, being with a company on "location," I discovered that Mr. Taylor's unit was near by and hurried over.

I found him directing Morosco's *The Half Breed*, with the quiet force that characterizes him. There is to me something stern about Charles A. Taylor; and I, from the low point of my score of years and five feet of height, thought

"Oh, is it?" To my chagrin and bewilderment, Mr. Taylor's eyes gleamed as he explained that he had just caught the thing. And it was still—rattley. Decidedly too rattley!

I was amazed, then angry, thinking somebody had been fooling me. I had talked in a modulated tone—and Mr. Taylor, *stone-deaf*, had answered me!

"Lip-reading," explained a by-stander. "When his affliction reached the point where even the apparatus he attached to his ear failed to record sound, he and the specialists gave up: for he knew, one day when he could



Charles A. Taylor is the only director in the movies who is entirely deaf.



When Taylor wanted to heighten the action of a character called "The Snake," in a play, he went out and found a reptile still rattling—and showed 'em how the action should be done.

of his many successes and reverses, of his years of life and fame—and raised awe-struck eyes up, up, up, the tall, angular distance of him. Distance is the right word . . . there is a very great deal of Charles Taylor, going one direction. . . . But his sincere greeting, the smile that crinkled from his eyes and loosened his compressed lips, put me at my ease.

"Pardon me," Mr. Taylor excused himself, eyeing with annoyance the scene he was directing. It was apparent that he was displeased with a certain bit of "action" of the character known in the story as "The Snake." While we all wondered what he was about, the tall, lean man walked off and disappeared into the swamp. A moment later he reappeared . . . and feminine screams rent the air . . . and I have a distinct suspicion that certain masculine faces blanched.

Mr. Taylor carried, as nonchalantly as I swing my new morocco-covered vanity-bag, a—snake! Yes, *snake*! Dreadfully alive and . . . wiggly! "It's a pet or a zoo-snake or something," I reassured myself out loud. "Perfectly tame and all that."

not hear a band a few feet away, that his hearing was gone for good. Then he took up lip-reading, and, if you speak slowly, he can understand every word. He is quite amused sometimes at the things people say, knowing he is deaf!

But all the while, astonished as I was and hoping I had been more discreet than they, I still had my eyes on that snake.

"Now," said Mr. Taylor, with just the faintest suspicion of a grin—you couldn't expect a wide grin from one so obviously of Massachusetts stock!—"take this snake and—act!" A few terse instructions and he presented the reptile to the actor who, whether through awakened dramatic ability or—well, anyway, he and the snake performed to Mr. Taylor's satisfaction.

"That's just like him!" laughed an old friend of his, as the director busied himself about the set. "He has an uncanny animal-sense; he can do anything with them. Why, I remember once, in the old days,"—which meant, you understand, the Reign of Melodrama—"when he was producing 'The White Tigress of Japan,' he was arrested for calmly leading a leopard down Broadway!"

"That historical thoroughfare was, even at that time, accustomed to shocks—but not leopards! He explained that he had just purchased the animal from a zoo and, needing it immediately in the play, had not waited for it to be 'delivered', but took it right along with him. It was to be a surprise for his leading woman.

"Surprise?" Rather! It sent her into hysterics when he announced that she was to carry the darn thing on the stage. She demurred . . . but in the end she wore that tail-swinging leopard as a neck piece and created a sensation!

"Taylor was the first to use Alaskan dogs on the stage for 'wolves'," continued the acquaintance of the director's former days. "When a gold-seeker in Alaska, he wrote a melodrama, decided he could make more out of it than from his mine and came home on the next boat, with his 'dogs' and his play. And both made good for him."

Barthelmess—the Unwilling Vamp

By Peggy Balyeat

PERHAPS I'd better just whisper it—but the Richard Barthelmess you see on the screen is "just actin'."

At home he's full of fire and tow, lots of temper, impatience—all that. He knows mighty well what he wants done. And he's not always tolerant.

"I tried for two years to interest my director in 'Tol'able David,'" he told me with that crooked little half smile that isn't really a smile at all. You know—you've seen it in his pictures.

But Dickey's mouth really is crooked. That's the reason he smiles that way. Mebbe it's one of the strongest pulls in his highly emotional face.

"How goes it, Dickey?" someone inquired at the table next to ours.

It was that way from the moment we entered the lobby on our way to the dining room. He was "Dickey" Barthelmess to them—not an actor nor a hero, but a friend—a good fellow. He must have a thousand friends!

"Excuse me." I looked around and Dickey was at a table shaking hands with two men. There was a diminutive little lady sitting there, too.

"I want you to meet my wife before she goes," he told me when he returned to give his order a chicken croquette with peas, I think it was, finished off with a chocolate eclair and coffee.

I shook hands with Mrs. "Dickey." She was on her way to a matinee performance—oh yes, she's an actress too. She didn't have time for more than a few words—just stopped long enough to leave a picture of a dainty lady on a Dresden teacup—blue-eyed and fair-haired. Quite a contrast to her famous husband's darkness.

The real Richard Barthelmess is serious—deadly serious. I wanted to talk about Dickey at play, but he preferred to discuss Dickey at work. He's young yet, you see—very young.

I told him Pantomimeites wanted to know what he did outside his work. Thereupon he looked serious for a moment and assured me with another crooked little smile, that he *could* be light.

Then he promptly went back to his beloved subject—the play.

He had gone to a "legitimate" show the night before. At first he talked about the acting—how he'd enjoyed it. Then the uppermost topic, his own ambition, came to the fore, and he confided that he'd hoped the show might be adapted to the screen. Of course he'd want to play the leading role.

If there is one wish of Dickey's left ungratified, it's to read. He went to Trinity College for a semester or so, with the intention of graduating—only to get into the movies one summer when he was still in his 'teens. "And there are so many books I only know the titles of," he told me. Then he added that a recent trip to Atlantic City all alone, with nothing on his mind whatever but to do as he pleased, resulted in more reading than anything else—just books and books and books. Yes, of course he swam, too.

"Didn't they recognize you over there, just the same as they do here?" I inquired. I was thinking of a hint he had dropped that he hoped the person who intended interviewing him would not be an amateur.

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Are you troubled in public, very much, by the sweet young things?"

"It isn't the S. Y. T. so much as the older women," Dickey bashfully acknowledged, but hastened to add: "Oh, they've never done a Wally Reid or a Eugene O'Brien with me—pulled my clothes off."

"But don't you realize that an idol of the public has to pay the price?" I demanded. You see, I'd tried twice to interview Dickey. The first time I waited an hour—and left. The next time I only waited fifty minutes—both times in vain.

"Maybe I do belong to the public," he said. "I'm beginning to realize it more and more."



Barthelmess is happiest when he's at his cottage out on Long Island.

I could tell he was thinking of the days when he could go about unnoticed, without attracting attention.

"But I think it's just wonderful to have them feel that way," he went on. "It is not me they see, but a character I have portrayed. Please don't think I am conceited."

The moment we'd finished lunch we were saying our farewells, because Dickey was en route to his country home in Long Island. Judging from the perfectly enormous furry-looking coat he was wearing when I met him, I guessed that he drives his own car and it was probably an open model. I was right—both times.

"We'd hoped to stay up on the Island all winter," he said. "But it was pretty cold—so we're in town for a few months." Such a dear little place—just built for two—vines, 'n' everything. The Island, I mean.

Dickey dons an old pair of flannel trousers and makes dog kennels and chicken coops when he's "at home."

"You must have several spots on those treasured trousers," I laughed when he told me his most recent pursuit had been to paint a kennel.

"Yes, but I love every spot. I wouldn't have those trousers cleaned for worlds. They represent the time when I can be just a plain, ordinary man."

And you've seen Dickey in flannels—and a cap? Member how he looked in "The Idol Dancer?" And another thing, before I forget it—

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He gets huge stacks of mail—mostly, he says, from middle-aged women.

A Real Baby Vamp

Posed especially for *Pantomime* by little Madge Evans, and a group of her victims.

Photographed by
Charles Duprez of Selznick



Little Madge, the real thing in baby vamps, knew there was safety in numbers, so she was having a perfectly lovely time with four little boys in the parlor of her home. One of the boys had money, so he brought candy. The others didn't—so they robbed all the near-by yards for flowers for their lady-love. Of course the lady-love's mother wasn't home.



Alas, and lack-a-day. Also, wurra wurra—which is Irish for deep grief. Mother came home earlier than she was expected. And she was not particularly strong for Madge's suitors. As a matter of fact, she put 'em out. Madge might not have minded so much—only the stingy things took their presents with them.

The four suitors marched out of the house bravely enough—but once outside they sat right down on the front door-step, and quit trying to be grown up. Their feelings were hurt, and they all got together and had a nice good cry. Incidentally, while they were crying, they ate the candy.



After the weeps were over, they held a council of war, and decided that girls were the bunk, anyhow. They were through—that is, all but one. That one decided he'd stick around a while.

A lot of good it did him. Madge gave him what is technically known as the frapped optic and brushed right by. Verily, the person who declared men were the gay deceivers wasn't familiar with the ways of women.



My Start in Pictures

By Rodolf Valentino

I DID not see the first motion picture in which I played until three years after it had been completed. It was called "The Married Virgin" and was made by Universal. I played the role of the villain.

I had appeared in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage for quite a while before my screen debut, but, nevertheless, I had expected to feel nervous in front of the camera. I was agreeably surprised to find myself calm and without a trace of Klieg-fright. The work interested me at once, and that first picture convinced me that my future was in the studio rather than behind the footlights.

An early adventure in comedy, supporting Dorothy Gish in an amusing trifle called "Turning the Tables," taught me that I was not adapted to the swift tempo and antics of screen farce. Straight drama, I learned, was my forte.

Of course, my first real big chance came in "The Four Horsemen," and I never had a better time in my life than during the making of that picture. Now that I am a Paramount star, Mr. Lasky has promised me in "Blood and Sand" a role that will surpass even "Julio" for dash and color.



Yes, girls, Rodolf, looking as imposing as a hotel stunkey. The lady is Gloria Swanson.

By Betty Compson

MY first appearance in the movies was in a picture based upon my first appearance in the movies. Peculiar-sounding, but absolutely true. The film was called "Wanted: A Leading Lady" and was made by Al Christie, the comedy man.

Mr. Christie was at the time directing pictures for the Nestor Company. Virginia Ford, who had been playing leads for him, left, and he needed a new leading woman. It happened that he dropped into a vaudeville theatre in Los Angeles where I was playing in a violin act. He thought that I would make good on the screen and asked me to come out to the Nestor studio for a camera test.

The test proved successful, and also gave Mr. Christie an idea. He decided to make a picture around my camera test—a comedy that would tell an amusing story, and at the same time show the process of getting into pictures. The strip of film which showed me registering "anger" and "fear" and so on, was incorporated into the picture.

I liked the pictures better than the stage and, though I had no promise that my screen career would last beyond one film, I took a chance and deserted the footlights.

I'm glad I did!



Who is the little fairy? Why, just Betty in a blonde wig.

Movies of Yesteryear

An interview with Adolph Zukor, in which he relates some interesting things about the past

By Charles L. Gartner



Cleo Ridgeley used to pack 'em into the theatres showing her pictures.

THE one and only Sarah Bernhardt is coming to America in March to be guest of honor at a party to celebrate the tenth birthday of the movies.

Ten years ago, Madame Bernhardt shocked the theatrical world by consenting to appear in the movies, which were then a despised plaything, and considered beneath the notice of even the least important stage player. For the most distinguished actress in the world to consider actually starring in a movie drew gasps of astonishment from New York to Petrograd.

But Madame Bernhardt, having been once converted to the screen, went right ahead, and in August, 1912, "Queen Elizabeth" was released by Famous Players—their first picture. It was the first modern five-reel picture and really marked the beginning of the present motion picture era. Now sixteen million people go to the movies daily, and it is the greatest popular entertainment ever known.

Adolph Zukor, who induced Madame Bernhardt to appear before the camera, has probably had more to do with the marvelous development of pictures than anybody else. We talked with him recently in his private suite in the Paramount offices on Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Zukor has been called "the Little Napoleon of the Movies." Like the Corsican, he is not very tall. His gray eyes are small and keen, giving a hint of the extraordinary ability of the man. He told us something about his early adventures in motion pictures.

"I started in the exhibiting end of the business," Mr. Zukor said. "Marcus Loew and I owned a string of little nickelodeons back in 1911 and showed the crude motion pictures of the day. Most of them were single-reelers and either poorly made 'westerns' or French comedy importations, equally bad. We had to rent them for quantity rather than quality.

"You climbed up a dingy flight of stairs to the exchange where you got your pictures. There was such a limited assortment that the exchange manager really gave you whatever pictures he chose, whether you wanted them or not. 'Take it or leave it,' was his motto.

"The owner of a movie theatre was in a bad position all around. He never knew whether his pictures were coming on time or whether he could get enough reels for his show.

"The films flickered badly and frequently broke in the projection machine. Most of the operators were inexperienced, and delays were the rule. Half the time the audience would be gazing at 'One Minute, Please, to Change the Reel' on the screen. No wonder people refused to take motion pictures seriously and predicted that they would die out soon."

To Mr. Zukor this was an intolerable state of affairs. He saw the immense possibilities in the motion picture. He started writing letters to the producers of the day asking, as an important exhibitor, that they furnish him better pictures. His letters were ignored.

Finally Mr. Zukor determined to take the bull by the horns and go into the film producing

business himself. He went to Daniel Frohman, the New York theatrical man, and told him of his plan to induce some noted star of the stage to appear before the motion picture camera—something that had never been done before. Mr. Frohman thought it was a fine idea and agreed to co-operate.

"We had just completed our plans, with a certain male star of the stage in mind," explained Mr. Zukor, "when a friend of mine, who knew of my ambition to enter the motion picture-producing field, cabled us from Paris that he thought he could induce Sarah Bernhardt to make a picture for us. To secure the most distinguished

the stage. The role ideally suited her."

Meantime, the news had been passed about in motion picture circles that Adolph Zukor, comparatively unknown, was negotiating to bring Sarah Bernhardt to the lowly screen. It struck stage and film world alike as absurd. They labeled Zukor a "fanatic" and a "visionary."

Their opinions changed when the Divine Sarah's "Queen Elizabeth" film was released. The picture was a sensational success.

This was no surprise to Mr. Zukor, who went quietly ahead with his plans and rented space in an armory on Twenty-sixth Street, New York, where he began work on his second picture, "The Prisoner of Zenda," starring James K. Hackett, another "legitimate" star. The studio was up four flights of stairs.

"The whole studio—sets, property rooms, dressing rooms, offices, and all," explained Mr. Zukor to us, "occupied a space less than a hundred feet by two hundred. Picture-making was a novelty in New York, and the old gray-haired watchman we had at the door had all he could do to prevent the crowds that congregated there from streaming up the narrow stairs.

"I spent a large part of my time negotiating with other stage stars to come with us, and, having secured Madame Bernhardt, I had comparatively little trouble. The mention of her name carried great weight. Mrs. Fiske did 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' for us, Lily Langtry came to us for one picture, and John Barrymore made his first movie—a comedy. Mary Pickford became a Famous Players star in the summer of 1913. Her first production for us was 'In the Bishop's Carriage.' The following year Marguerite Clark signed with us, starting with 'Wildflower,' which I have always considered one of her best pictures.

"Mary Pickford's fourth picture for us was 'A Good Little Devil,' in which she had scored her stage success under David Belasco's management. When we released this picture, it created widespread interest, I recall, because of the double exposure in it. Double exposure in those days was practically unknown."

Mr. Zukor gave us an interesting account of how Jesse L. Lasky and he first met. In 1913 Lasky, then a producer of high-class vaudeville sketches, and Cecil B. De Mille, associated with the Belasco theatrical enterprises, decided to go into the motion picture business together. Mr. De Mille went West, seeking a site for a studio, and happened quite by chance upon Hollywood. He leased a little barn at Vine and Selma Streets and, having induced his friend Dustin Farnum to come

out and star in his first picture, started work on "The Squaw Man." Mr. Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn, who became associated with the company, stayed in New York to arrange for putting the picture before the public.

Soon the Lasky Company was turning out good pictures regularly, with such notables as Robert Edeson, Blanche Sweet, and Fannie Ward in the leading roles. Mr. Zukor noted their high quality.

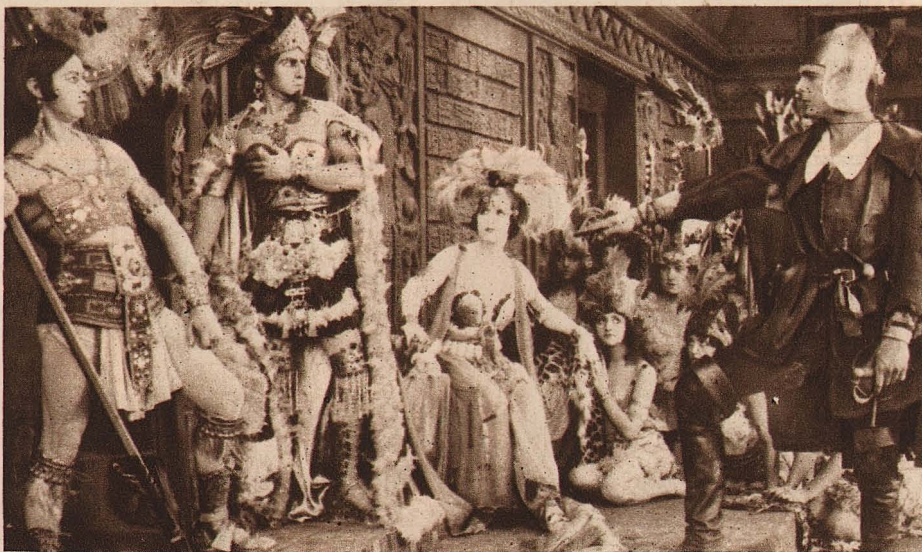
(Continued on page 30)



Hasel Dawn was one of the screen's most famous beauties.



George M. Cohan (in high hat) in an old picture. Note Richard Barthelmess, then a raw beginner, standing beside him.



Here's a real cast. Left to right, foreground, Theodore Kosloff, Raymond Hattori, Geraldine Farrar, Julia Faye, and Wallace Reid.

actress in the world for our very first star was an unexpected piece of good fortune, and we cabled over at once to close the deal.

"It developed later that the argument which won Madame Bernhardt to the screen was the obvious one that the screen offered the only medium by which her great art might be preserved for posterity. She started to work at once on the picture, 'Queen Elizabeth,' a screen version of the play in which she had been appearing on

Big Moments



Left—Rex Beach's romance, "Fair Lady," provides this puzzling scene. What could have been said over the telephone to frighten a man like this, and what is the lady going to say when she has her curiosity in regard to it satisfied?

Right—Probably if he has gotten the bowl this far he will get it the rest of the way. But if it contains what we suspect, we would, if we were one of the pirates, go and give him a little help. It's from "Whims of the Gods."



Below—Pearl White is back again and evidently running into just as hard luck (in pictures) as ever. It looks here as if something or somebody has upset her awfully. It is a scene from "The Broadway Peacock" and is one of the most dramatic pictures in which Miss White has ever appeared.



g Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen

Beach's ro-
Lady." pro-
puzzling scene.
have been said
to frighten
this, and what
going to say
her curiosity
it satisfied?



Right—This is a reminder that St. Patrick's day will soon be here. It is Colleen Moore and Ralph Graves in a scene from Rupert Hughes' Irish story, "Come on Over." If we were Colleen, and it was Ralph calling, we would.



If you are not used to horse-back riding but have tried, you can appreciate why this is a big moment—that instant between your signal and the first movement from the beast. But Dorothy Devore is well protected so she should worry.

Below—All alone in the wilderness, surrounded by enemies, and then the man meets with a serious accident. It is one of the many things that happens in "Strength of the Pines," starring William Russell.



Left—Pretty tough to do all that you can to save the life of the man you love and then to be suspected of his murder when your efforts to restore him have failed. It's a scene and situation from Anita Stewart's latest starring vehicle, "The Woman He Married."

Below—William V. Mong has the role of a peddler in "The Man Who Smiled," but he overlooked a very essential part of the make-up. He failed to supply himself with a license. If the cop don't forgive him the plot of the picture is going to be much delayed.



The Sign of the Trident

CHAPTER VII

PHIL STANTON, in the dungeon, was working frantically to free himself. Glancing about, his eyes fell on the trident. Running over to it, he endeavored to cut the ropes which bound his hands. In a moment he was free. Running through the passageway, he hurried to the aid of the girl he loved.

Phil thrust Gray Wolf aside, and reaching the edge of the pool, reached down and drew Ruth upwards.

"Well!" exclaimed Phil, turning to the crafty chieftain, "what have you got to say to this?"

Gray Wolf hesitated. "It was the Medicine Man's dastardly scheme," he finally said.

Phil was not very much taken with his story. However, his thoughts were interrupted by the answer of the two clans. Both consented to grant Ruth's request and permit her to go to the island of Siburo.

The next morning Ruth, Phil, Loomis, Gray Wolf, Crouching Mole and Moonlight left the Golden Canyon behind them. Moonlight rode a short distance behind the little cavalcade. As they reached a bend in the road, the White Rider appeared. Unseen by the others, he approached Moonlight and whispered, "I will wait for news from you at Shelby Beach, near Frisco." The Indian girl nodded assent.

Meanwhile, at the ranch house, Julia Wells and Frank Sheldon were poring over a map, trying to locate Siburo. Julia turned to her companion and said:

"I shall go with them to Siburo and get Gray Wolf to double-cross Loomis. We can then easily trick the Indian and the Golden Pool will be yours—if you come to my terms."

Sheldon agreed. Looking through the window, they saw Ruth and her party approaching. A nod from Julia and Sheldon departed. The woman then hailed the travelers. Drawing Gray Wolf aside, she whispered, "I must go with your party to Siburo. It will be to your personal interest." Gray Wolf gave his consent.

A week later, at a wharf in San Francisco, Loomis and Gray Wolf were holding an earnest conversation with Hendrix, skipper of one of the vessels in the harbor.

"I have deposited the price you asked for your ship in case of damage or loss," Loomis was telling him. "How about your end of the bargain?"

"Don't worry about that, mate," answered the captain. "I've got a hard-boiled crew and a friend of mine will see that this Stanton party and the Indian girl are detained here."

Moonlight had, indeed, disappeared. As Phil was about to board the ship a note was handed to him.

"Had an accident, but nothing serious," he read. "Please follow messenger, but do not tell Miss Randolph, as it would worry her." The note bore Moonlight's signature.

Following the messenger, he entered the hallway of a dingy looking dwelling. Hardly had he stepped into the hallway when three huskies fell upon him. One blow had laid Phil low. One of the men snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. Then he was bundled into a closed automobile.

As the car made its way over the bumpy pavement, Phil came back to his senses and saw that they were approaching the waterfront. Thinking quickly, he suddenly kicked both feet forward and knocked his only captor on the floor of the car. In another moment Phil was on the dock. But he was a moment too late, for the ship was just setting out to sea.

From the deck of the vessel, Ruth suddenly saw Phil, standing on the edge of the wharf, shouting and waving his manacled hands. Ruth ordered a boat to be lowered, but her demands were laughed at. A cry of anguish escaped her lips as she saw the man she loved dive from the wharf and start to swim toward the ship.

Then, before anyone could stop her, Ruth climbed to the rail of the ship and dove overboard. Loomis suddenly appeared on deck, and taking in the situation, ordered a boat lowered. In the water Ruth managed to keep Phil afloat until the boat reached them.

Early the next morning the White Rider awaited the approach of Moonlight at Shelby Beach. The girl finally arrived, breathless and tired, and told him of her capture and her escape. She also told him that she suspected Phil and Ruth were in grave danger.

"I have already taken steps for their safety," he smiled. "That yacht, *Dragon*, has been placed at my disposal. We will go aboard immediately and overtake the *Queen Esther*."

That night, in Julia's cabin, the lady mentioned was in close consultation with Gray Wolf. "And in return for your co-operation," she was saying, "I will be able to secure a much greater sum of money for you than Loomis would ever give."

The greedy Gray Wolf agreed.

"First of all," continued the woman, "Ruth Randolph must never again be in a position to interfere with us."

In the corridor near Ruth's cabin, Ruth and Phil were engaged in that delightful occupation of lovers of saying good-night. Phil finally left the girl and went to his own cabin. A moment after Ruth had entered her own quarters Julia Wells entered.

"Would you mind coming into my cabin for a little while," she asked.

Ruth replied that she would gladly remain there for a few moments. After Julia closed the door on the outside, she softly turned the key in the lock. Then, running up the passageway, she joined Gray Wolf.

A few moments later, the ship's crew and passengers were startled by the cry that the ship was sinking. There was tremendous excitement as

the deck hands ran about making ready to abandon the ship.

Ruth, in Julia's cabin, tried to get out. But the door was securely locked. Already water was beginning to make its way into the little cabin. The girl beat upon the bulkheads—tried every means of escape—but it was useless.

Phil had become awakened at the first moment of excitement. Rushing to Ruth's cabin, he found that it was empty. His eyes searched the boats which were being lowered. Rushing aft, he crashed into a figure. It was Gray Wolf.

"Where is Ruth?" he shouted

"I believe she left the ship in the first boat," answered the Indian, pointing toward a small boat which was now some distance from the ship. In the glare of the torches, Phil saw Julia, and thinking it to be Ruth, he gave a sigh of relief.

In Julia's cabin, Ruth was still unable to free herself. A flood of water passed over the girl. With renewed strength, brought through fear, she began beating on the door again, as the cold water rose steadily to her shoulders.

CHAPTER VIII

Suddenly the tide caused the ship to list to the other side, a giant wave smashed open the porthole, and the rush of the mad waters against the cabin door burst it open. The girl was swept out into the passageway. Half climbing and half wading through the rushing waters she found her way into the wireless room.

Looking at the chart on the table, she found her latitude and longitude and sent out an SOS. The girl heard the wires buzzing—she was about to receive an answer! Suddenly the water put



Ruth was overcome with a strange feeling of apprehension when Phil had disappeared just before sailing time.



With renewed strength . . . she began beating on the door again as the cold water rose steadily.

the apparatus out of commission, and the girl struggled to leave the room.

Entering the hatchway, she saw that the decks were more than half awash. Taking a desperate chance, she stumbled forward to the mast and started climbing the rope ladder to the crow's nest. When she reached the top she looked down and saw that the ship had almost submerged. Ruth leaped from her place of safety to the sea. Grasping a piece of wreckage, she clung to it, hoping that help would soon reach her.

Ruth's message had been received by the White Rider aboard the *Dragon*, and the yacht was already hastening to her. In another hour she was lifted out of the water and carried aboard.

The lifeboats from the *Queen Esther* arrived safely on the island. Phil ran up the shore looking for Ruth. He saw that the figure he had imagined to be his sweetheart was Julia Wells.

"Where is Miss Randolph?" he demanded.

"I haven't seen the dear girl," replied Julia.

"We must start inland at once and find the native village," Phil heard Loomis saying. Phil refused to go with them. Sitting dejectedly on the shore he gazed into space as though he expected to see the girl's spirit coming toward him.

Suddenly Stanton sprang to his feet. A yacht was approaching. Finally he heard the anchor chains rattle, and a small boat put off from the ship. Phil shouted with joy as he saw the girl of his dreams standing in the bow.

"Oh, my dearest!" he cried, half laughing, half crying. "I had given you up as lost."

"I am sorry to interrupt," said the White Rider, with a smile, "but we must overtake Loomis and the others. Then Chief Lame Elk must be found to decipher the Sacred Wampum."

"Have no fear," said the White Rider, "the natives here consider the Wampum Belt as sacred as do the Canyon Indians. In fact, they were originally a Canyon tribe who long ago became discontented and emigrated from the Golden Canyon and settled on this island."

Meanwhile, the Loomis party, weary and hungry, plodded along the inland trail. A tall young Siburo warrior at that moment peered through the brush and smiled grimly as he saw the white intruders. Shouting an order to his tribesmen, Brown Panther descended upon the newcomers.

"We tolerate no intruders," he told his captives. By the Siburo law, you cannot be injured, but you will be conducted to the turquoise quarry and there you will remain without food and water until your souls are free to leave."

It was not long before the captives were brought to the turquoise quarry.

As Brown Panther gave his guards further orders, he saw Ruth and Phil, with their sailors, approaching. The chieftain and his men quickly surrounded the new arrivals, but suddenly he saw the Wampum Belt. Immediately he was impressed.

"My warriors are at your command," he told the girl.

At Ruth's request, he led them to the quarry, where the girl was horrified to see the captives. She commanded Brown Panther to liberate them. The Indian assented reluctantly, and soon the party were on their way toward the village. As they came to Lame Elk's hut, Brown Panther drew Ruth aside.

"Let me first advise Lame Elk of your presence," he told her. "He is very ill, and I fear the sudden shock might endanger his life." A moment later he emerged and motioned for the girl and several of the party to enter.

Ruth slowly took off the Wampum Belt and handed it to the old man. At first he did not seem to realize the significance, then a look of awe passed over his face. He groaned heavily and fell back in his rude chair. A moment later



"You are the cause of this!" he shouted, turning to the girl in a fury. "And you shall atone!"

he seemed to recover and attempted to speak. Ruth bent closer to hear his words.

"My time is too short to tell the full meaning of the cipher," he muttered. "The Great Spirit is calling me . . . find Stone Ear . . . my beloved wife . . . she must be in your country . . . we were separated when I brought my tribe here from the Golden Canyon." He took an amulet from his neck and handed it to Ruth. "Give Stone Ear this token," he continued. "She will know it is from me."

"Stone Ear!" the girl exclaimed. "She was the Indian who brought me my father's last message!"

As she spoke a terrible shudder passed over the frame of the old chieftain. He fell back and lay quite still. Brown Panther endeavored to revive him. It was too late.

"You are the cause of this!" he shouted, turning to the girl in a fury. "And you shall atone!" Brown Panther left the hut and addressed the crowd.

"Your great chief, Lame Elk, has passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground!"

The Indians rushed to the hut to seize Ruth and Phil, but the two eluded them and broke into a run. As the chase continued the young people were separated.

Ruth ran on and on. Looking over her shoulder, she saw that Phil had disappeared. Finally she came to an entrance of a cave. Running through the dark passageway, she suddenly saw an incline before her. Unable to stop, she slid down the incline toward the pit and managed to grasp a stout pole protruding from below. A steep wall surrounded the pit. She looked down. A shudder of fear passed up her spine as she saw two lions in the bottom of the pit.

CHAPTER IX

Phil Stanton was successful in downing his last attacker, and he took to his heels in the direction Ruth had disappeared. Coming to the cave, he cautiously felt his way down the dark passageway. In another moment he had reached the incline. Bracing his feet against a bush, he leaned toward the pole and caught hold of it with one hand while he extended the other hand down to Ruth.

With difficulty she managed to climb up and seize Phil's hand. Then, using Phil's body as a sort of bridge, she swung herself to safety. The young people made their way back to the passageway and hurried through the woods to the beach.

When they arrived, they found Loomis and his party warding off the attack of the Indians. Being gradually driven back, they sought refuge in a large straw hut, surrounded by a wall of straw. From the peak of their retreat, a pole extended skyward, on the top of which was a sort of lookout. Here the white people made ready to defend themselves from any further attack.

Phil was addressing the defenders. "I think it would be a good plan," he suggested, "to wait until nightfall. Then I will take a few sailors and cross the island to the White Rider's yacht. He ought to be able to help us out of this mess."

When darkness came, Phil started from the hut with his sailors. They had gone about a hundred paces when a swarm of Indians came out of their ambush and descended upon them. Phil and his little band were forced to retreat to the hut.

Finally Julia Wells hit upon a plan.

"I will go out under a flag of truce and try to reason with Brown Panther," she said. She set forth with a white cloth attached to a stick.

Brown Panther stepped forward to meet the truce offering. As Julia drew up to him, she said, "I can arrange for the white chieftainess to remain in the hut at your mercy, providing you let all the rest of us go free."

"Very well," he answered. "I promise you and your friends the freedom you request."

"At midnight we will come here on our way to the other shore," explained the woman, "and Miss Randolph will not be with us. You will find her in the hut."

"Brown Panther says that if we do not surrender we will be left here to starve," she told them.

And Phil unwittingly fell into the trap. "Our shore is black as night and not watched by the Indians," he said. "I will swim part way along the coast, then cross to land on the opposite shore and get help from the White Rider's yacht."

Stanton was not aware of the fact that an exchange of messages had caused the White Rider to draw up anchor and leave the harbor. An uprising of the tribes in the Golden Canyon was the cause for his sudden departure. But the man of mystery only intended to steam out to the lane where ships passed, get aboard a steamer bound for San Francisco, and then send the *Dragon* back to await Ruth.

After Phil had departed, Ruth lay upon the straw matting, tired and weary. Julia awakened her and helped her into a room cut off from the rest where she would not be disturbed. In a moment she was in a sound sleep. Julia stole from the small room and told Gray Wolf of what she had done. In a moment, the Indian had gathered together the party, ready to set out. Before they departed, Julia took the Wampum Belt and placed it about her own waist. Leaving the hut, they were met by Brown Panther at the edge of the woods. Julia reported that the White Chieftainess had been left behind, and the Indian, satisfied, permitted them to pass unharmed.

As soon as they were out of sight, Brown Panther ordered a fire started. Then, taking an arrow with a thick ring of pitch near the head, he held it over the fire. Other arrows were prepared in the same way. As soon as the head began to flame, the Chieftain sent the arrow flying toward the straw hut. In a few moments small flames were seen to arise from the girl's refuge.

At the other end of the island, Phil had succeeded in reaching the spot where the *Dragon* had been anchored. He was amazed to find the yacht had disappeared. Phil paced the beach in despair. He was about to start back to the hut when he imagined he saw a tiny light in the harbor. It was undoubtedly the *Dragon* returning.

The flames were now gaining headway on the hut. Already one side of the wall surrounding it had fallen, and the other three walls were gradually becoming ablaze. Suddenly the girl awakened and sprang from her straw bed. She rushed to the door of the tiny room, and threw it open, but quickly closed it again as she saw the thick volumes of smoke and flames without.

Ruth looked about her for a means of escape. There seemed to be no outlet. Suddenly her eyes fell upon an old cloak lying on the dirt floor. Hastily picking it up and throwing it over her head, she threw open the door and plunged through the smoke and flames into the outer chamber. She was surrounded by four walls of fire.

(To be Continued)

The Sign of the Trident

Adapted by Herbert Crooker,
from the Pathe photoplay
serial, "White Eagle," starring
Ruth Roland. Original story
by Val Cleveland.

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Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



Paragraphs

from Hollywood

WHAT did I tell you? I said all you had to do at Universal was dig and you could find most anything. Yesterday I visited the camp of *Buffalo Bill* under the solicitous guidance of Art Acord, who is starring in this new educational serial, and Duke Lee, who plays *Buffalo Bill* and Arthur Hagerman, a most unusual publicist in that he let me do all the talking I wanted to. And sure enough, what did we find but a stack of what at first purported to be human bones! They dug up a lot of ribs, leg-bones and funny little things like wish-bones.

Somebody took the kick out of the excitement by claiming the remains to be those of a large goat—but there wasn't any head, and whoever heard of a goat lying down to die without this head? Looked to me like an ancient murder, but the bones were so decayed that they crumbled at a touch.



Art Acord has one hand all bandaged up—he fell off his horse.

Buffalo Bill had his hand all bandaged up—he had fallen off his horse the day before!

Colleen Moore is commuting between studio and hospital, where her brother is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis. Colleen is wearing a beautiful diamond ring, the gift of John McCormack, *de luxe* publicist for First National. Colleen voices a weak denial of an engagement—but what chance has a denial against a diamond ring?

Well, it's over. I can get a little sleep now. Pauline Frederick is married at last and poor magazine correspondents won't be kept awake running down rumors of her engagements. The happy groom is Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford, wealthy Seattle physician, who has loved "Polly" for these twenty years. Convincing her at last that he had waited about long enough, he persuaded her to elope to Santa Ana late one Saturday night, with Jack Gardner and Louise Dresser for witnesses. They celebrated with ham sandwiches and coffee at a lunch counter along the way.

When "Polly" completes her current picture, they plan a honeymoon horseback trip to the Grand Canyon. Kind of a strenuous honeymoon, what? But "Polly" has gone in for "the great and glorious West" to an alarming degree.

"I was never so happy in my life," she says. She had been wearing her engagement ring for a week—concealed in the old-fashioned gown she wears in her picture—maybe she felt the Doctor mustn't be too sure of her, having waited only twenty years? One nice thing—she let Willard Mack benefit by first publicity by getting married two weeks before she did!



Pauline Frederick is wearing brogans.

Robert Edeson is playing *Colonel Sapt* in Rex Ingram's "The Prisoner of Zenda." One day an electrician whispered to a prop man: "Who's that big guy Ingram is calling 'Sap'?" That bird's liable to get sore and take a punch at him!

Ben Turpin was directing traffic yesterday at the corner of Santa Monica and Western Avenues. It's bad enough here with a cop whose eyes both look the same way, but with Ben—! His right hand knew not what his left directed.

Mildred Davis is Harold Lloyd's "girl" now. Wonder if they have those delicious word-of-honor parties like the comedian and Bebe Daniels used to have? Bebe, you remember, broke off her engagement to Harold.

Truckee has Al Christie and his comedy troupe snowed in. But the title of the comedy is fittingly "Cold Feet." It is a burlesque on the old meller-drama of the Northwest Mounted Police. (Can it be that the Mounted is at last about to reach the screen?) Vicra Daniel plays a *Romantic Young Thing*; Patricia Palmer is the *Wronged Lady*; Billy Bletcher personifies the *Pride of the Mounted*.

Constance Talmadge is sponsoring a back-to-the-farm movement among her friends—and publicity. She aspires to a ranch but just at present has to content herself with a turnip-patch in sister Natalie's back yard. Oh, if we all looked like Connie does in khaki overettes!

You're a poor star nowadays if you can't get a song written about you. A noted composer of Barcelona, Spain, has written a song for Tony Moreno. Tony admits he can't do the thing justice, as his musical abilities have been dulled by too much jazz. Studio workers concur in the opinion.

Walter Hiers is recovering rapidly from the illness which threatened to develop into pneumonia. However, Walter says the flowers may continue—but now he is able to consume candy and such, so make a note of it, dear girlies.

Dorothy Dalton and Rodolf Valentino had their roofs eaten off of them while making "Moran of the Lady Letty." The set consisted of a number of thatched huts—and one morning they awoke to find that the horses had broken loose in the night and eaten up the village for breakfast.

Song of the Hollywood Hollies: "Oh, dearie, send back my letters to me!"

A letter from Viola Dana says all is going well with her personal appearance tour. In St. Louis several thousand people braved the storm to say hello and she is quite an old hand now at making after-dinner speeches and saying "Thank you" to nice mayors. I'm off of Vi for life. She promised me she would write up her experiences each week for PANTOMIME's readers and nary a word has she written. Nothing less than a luncheon at Marcell's will square it, Vi.

Not long ago the Maurice Tourneur company was on location. Madge Bellamy and the others all received their lunch-boxes—but there was none for Mr. Tourneur. "I'm not on a diet," he complained. "Besides, this is my birthday." Then somebody brought him a huge parcel, which proved to be a birthday cake, studded with (deleted) candles.

Bobby Vernon has completed his comedy, "Tis the Bull." Is Bobby going to immortalize the Flower of Hollywood?

Alfred E. Green, directing Tommy Meighan and a parrot in "The Proxy Daddy," was taking an important scene. Every time he would pause for concentration, a voice would order: "Ready, now, folks—camera!" and the camera man would start grinding.

"That wasn't me!" Al would cry. "It's that d— parrot!"

Don't tell anybody I told you, but Bebe Daniels is likely to become Mrs. Jack Dempsey along about the time this appears in print. Jack just bought a new home for \$250,000, not far from Bebe's, and \$52,000 worth of Oriental rugs, so Bebe won't get her feet cold on the cold, cold floors. Bebe received a gorgeous present, a clock, from the Oregon Elks for helping them capture the second prize in the B. P. O. E. reunion here last summer. She adorned their float.



Bebe Daniels is apt to become Mrs. Jack Dempsey pretty soon.

Jerome Storm, the director, is passing cigars. It's a boy.

Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) lost a \$2,500 diamond bracelet at a hotel dinner-party last Saturday evening. That's one of the penalties of fame—getting your diamonds stolen.

Norma Talmadge advertised for ten girls who thought they resembled her for extras. Only 1,500 answered.

From Japan comes a letter addressed to "Hon. Art Hichum, Esq., Musician," explaining that the orchestra leader may soon expect to receive some silk shirts that he ordered in 1915. Now Mr. Hickman can change.



Will Rogers got a "bouquet" of greasewood, cactus, mesquite and sagebrush.

Here's a good one a friend wrote me from Philadelphia, where Will Rogers opened "The Follies" recently. Harry Carey, who is also in the East, wired the foreman of his ranch here to make up "a regular bouquet." "Slim" packed up a hideous bundle of greasewood, cactus, mesquite and sagebrush, sending it to Harry, who slipped quietly into Philadelphia.

When the ovation given him brought Will before the footlights, Carey, all spurred and western-garbed, rattled down the aisle and presented the vegetation to the comedian with mock rapture. The house roared with glee. But Will, not to be outdone, roped his tormentor with his trusty lariat, and dragged him up before the footlights.

Mother "Peg" Talmadge received a beautiful valentine from her three girls, one of those old-fashioned lace affairs with a miniature painting in the center of the three famous heads of Norma, Constance and Natalie.

Monty Banks a Real Worker

By Louis Marangella



He isn't very big—nor seemingly very strong—but he has no trouble carrying—who would, for that matter?

HE didn't know a word of English. He had been in America but one year.

And his first experience in screen comedies brought him two weeks in a hospital!

That was the unusual initial experience of Monty Banks, the screen comedian. And Mr. Banks frankly admits that he was disheartened—in fact, was on the verge of quitting the movies flat, following a thirty-foot fall over a precipice.

We found Monty at the Claridge Hotel, New York, enjoying the sixth day of a ten-day visit to the metropolis. He is a short, heavy-set young man, an immaculate dresser, very congenial, with great big brown eyes and thick black hair—almost jet black.

The moment we met him his pantomimic ability became immediately evident. His every movement—the sudden twitch of his mouth, the contraction and expansion of his eyes, the quick, rapid-fire movements of his hand, the contortionistic phases of his oval, olive face—all these indicated that here was a man who was no embryo in the realm of the theatrical world.

And we were not mistaken in our belief!

"I shall never forget my first experience in the movies," he said, with a characteristic movement of his hands, indicative of the Latin temperament. "I arrived in San Francisco without a red penny. I didn't know a living soul. And when I tried to get a job in the movies they laughed at me. Why? Well, I could not speak English, and of course I could not convey to the director just what I wanted. And while I tried hard to convey my mission, I noted that the director watched my facial expressions. Then it occurred to me—in order to forestall complete failure—to do a few tumbles in the office."

"For a moment they thought I was crazy, fit for the insane asylum. But when I regained my equilibrium the director and his assistants laughed right in my face. I got sore as the dickens, and started to leave the place. But I was called back, and in dummy language they told me to wait."

"So I waited, and pretty soon they led me out into the open and there, after watching the director go through a few movements, I was told to do the same. I went the director one better and of course he was more than satisfied I could act."

"Finally, they led me to a steep embankment, close to a precipice. Here we were to take a few scenes with an old, rickety flivver. And my instructions were to hang on to the rear end of the flivver dangling over the precipice. Frankly, I got cold feet. If the director wanted someone who longed for the pine box I was not that man. But he coaxed and hoodwinked me into the belief that I would not get hurt, and since I did not know what he was talking about, a few pats on my shoulder coupled with a very serious expression turned the tables in his favor."

"So I hung onto the flivver while my legs dangled in the air over the precipice."

"Hold it! Squirm! Move, move!" cried the director, Jack Warner.

"I really did not to know what to do. The flivver began to shake. I held on for dear life. A few more spasmodic shakes of the flivver, as though it were ready to burst into smithereens."

Monty has played opposite all sorts of types—even including a real honest-to-goodness ape.

And here I am making two-reel fun-makers for the Warner Brothers."

"Is it true that you played twenty-four parts in one comedy?" we asked him, skeptically. "How did you manage to do it?"

"Yes, I did that very thing in 'The House of a Thousand Scandals' and Mr. Pathe Pehrman is the man who made me do it. In that picture I impersonated four or five different women, about the same number of men, several policemen, a tramp, a thug, and so on. How could I go through such a thing? You'll have to ask the camera for that answer. Truly, the motion picture camera performs miracles and the actors and actresses get the credit. "The credit due the motion picture camera can at once be appreciated when we consider merely its mirth-provoking phases. What I mean to imply is that laughter caused by screen comedies drowns the outcries of aching hearts. True, rich laughter—laughter that irons out the creases of the soul, laughter that makes one feel as sweet and clean as a summer breeze blowing over the meadows—is God's priceless gift to humanity."

"What to do to really cause people to laugh is not as easy as it seems. We all know the laugh that comes from the sight of Mrs. Smith's hat in contrast to that of Mrs. Jones; we all know of the unlimited number of jests in the efforts of our friends across the street, at house parties. But those things have all been done on the screen time and time again. The problem is to get an original twist to the Jones-Smith fiasco, an original twist to the problems confronting the lives of humanity in general."

"Purely from a screen comedian's standpoint, it is extremely difficult to originate new 'gags' as they call funny situations in the movie world. But the screen comedian's efforts are repaid a thousandfold, if, on viewing one of his latest comedies, he sees picture audiences chuckling at his preposterous, mirth-provoking antics."

"Really, a comedian's life is not as easy as it is pictured!"

Often he takes the role of a girl—but he never drops his moustache.



And then it happened!

"As the flivver vibrated, and I dangled about wildly, begging the director to pull me in, the camera began to click. The last thing I remembered was that I went flying into space and my senses turned in a whirl. I woke up three hours later in a San Francisco hospital, my face and head swathed in bandages. Then the director came to see me, and he said that the flivver scene was great!"

"It took me a long time to realize what the director had said, but when I finally grasped his meaning I decided to take another fling at the game."



Out of the Make-up Box onto the Screen

By Helen Hancock

WE have a little guessing contest on today, children. We want you to take a careful look at the pictures accompanying this story, and then tell us how many men there are there.

How many? Five? No, no, Mabel! Even your trained feminine eyes are wrong this time. There is only *one* man here.

How come, you say? Well, we'll let you in on the secret. The smooth-faced young man with his hair pompadour, and in a business suit is Lars Hanson, one of the matinee idols of the Swedish screen. The other young men are—Lars Hanson. Yep! Honest!

It just goes to show what can be done with a make-up.

Mr. Hanson, who is one of the most versatile actors on the screen in his own country, and one of the most artistic breakers of the hearts of the Swedish flapper, is an adept in the art of make-up.

With the help of grease paint, powder, eye-brow pencil and rouge (those interesting little aids to the modern flapper's complexion), Mr. Hanson can conjure before your eyes such a vision as that of his "Richard III," or the indignant husband in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," or his equally interesting and cynical professor in "Andre the Red."

We think American actors are the finest in the world naturally, but we sometimes wonder if they are not limited as to their scope. Just to start a little discussion, name one of your favorite screen stars who can show a set of pictures corresponding to the ones given here.

And that gives rise to the question: Would the feminine part of our audience go to see Wallie Reid if he were to appear with his shining hair covered with a white wig? Would they rave over Charlie Ray if his upper lip boasted a turned-up mustache? Would they enthuse over Richard Barthelmess if, instead of his patrician nose, that necessary appendage were covered with a Cyrano de Bergerac putty one?

We wonder!



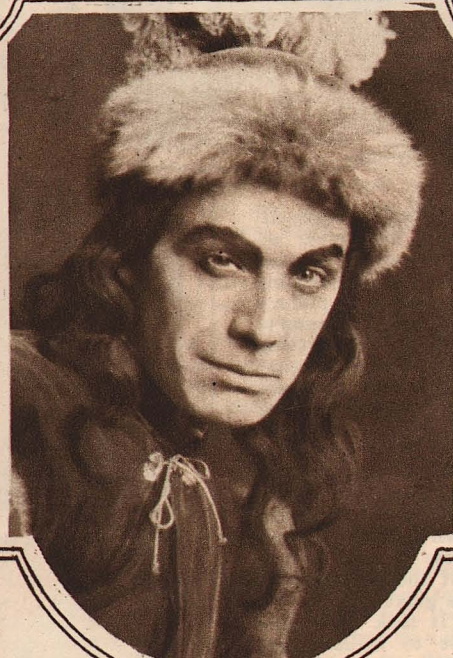
Lars Han Hanson, as Himself.



As a middle-aged club-fellow in "The Lodge Man."



As "Andre the Red."



As "Richard III,"



As he appears in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Pictures They Detest

"I wasn't ready for this picture at all," storms "Snub" Pollard (below). "I was getting ready to look as villainous as the last dentist who jogged my molars and would have had a beautiful effect two minutes later. Of all the goofy pictures this is goofiest."



There's one sure way of making Harold Lloyd (above) lose his smile. Show him this picture, and his goat starts galloping all over the lot. "Too dolled up," says Harold, "and anyway, what fellow wants to go down to posterity in a Tuxedo and a fancy waistcoat!"



Alla Nazimova (above) detests this picture only when it is identified as one of her. "Unless people are told it is me they could easily mistake it for some starving Russian," she says, "and while I am not anxious to get stout, I don't like to look starved."



Mildred Davis (right) simply hates to look like a wax doll and she says that is the favorite remark people make whenever they see this picture of her. "I thought the negative of that had been destroyed and all the prints burned," she said when PANTOMIME asked her why she didn't like it.



Marie Mosquini (left) will do almost any sort of comedy stunt or characterization, but this picture—"Makes me look as if I believed in everything that I have always detested in women," she says. "It's absolutely the worst make-up that I have ever been asked to do."

What Do You Want?

By Lily Agnes Greenwood

PULSATING throughout the motion picture industry is a question—a search for information that has taken on more importance than anything else in the movie game.

Theatre owners have been asking it for the past year; asking it in a way that they hope won't betray to you the importance of it.

Producers are paying good salaries to men whose only duty it is to flit from one part of the country to another seeking the elusive answers.

Many actors are out of jobs, because the answer became a vital thing in their careers before they found out what it was.

The better established favorites of the silent drama are themselves seeking the answer. Perhaps you can place them by the fact that they have been traveling to all parts of the country, visiting theatres gatherings of

ever made. Some of them that I have thought were extra good have not gone as well as some others that I didn't think so much of.

"I have always wanted to do something that would give better opportunity for dramatic acting, something which was not so entirely physical. I know that I can do it, for I had several years on the speaking stage before going into movies. Whether or not the public would like me in anything different is the question.

"But there is a thing that I am afraid of. Making eight pictures a year of the same general style is apt to make anyone mechanical. Sometimes in going through a scene I have a feeling that I have done the same thing before—the impulse, the feeling is gone. It is a dangerous mood for an actor to get into, as a striking example in my life showed me.

"Prior to going into pictures I was in a vaudeville act. The act was a big success and I played in it for four straight years. I did the same thing twice and on occasions three times a day for four years. After going through the same lines and the same business that many times you would think you could do it in your sleep.

"Well, one night I had just started and a baby cried somewhere in the audience. My mind became a blank as far as the act was concerned. I couldn't remember a line. The curtain was rung down. Apparently I was all right physically, but the next day when I looked over the script of the act it was entirely strange to me. That closed my vaudeville tour and I took a long rest. Gradually the act came back to me and today I could go through it letter-perfect.

"That's what I am afraid of in pictures. Amnesia from too much of the same thing. That is why I would like to change—but can I? Pictures are so different from any other sort of entertainment. On the legitimate stage the production can be tried out and the weak spots eliminated and the strong parts played up bigger, and after a week or so in the sticks it can be brought out with all mistakes taken out.

"A picture, however, is absolutely finished long before it is ever tried out on the public. No new stuff can be injected for the cast is scattered to the four winds by the time it has gotten to the movie theatres. Things can be eliminated but this shortens the picture, so you see the real importance attached to that question of what the public wants.

"I have spent my vacation trying to find the answer in my own case. Those who will venture an answer don't agree. Theatres don't give me the answer. I have followed one picture through twenty theatres and in no two has the reception by the audience been nearly enough similar so that you could form any judgment from it as to whether the picture was the kind the public liked or not."

Mr. Mayo ceased talking. Mrs. Mayo who had been present looked at me expectantly. It sounded easy to me. I knew the kind of a picture I like to see. I tried to formulate it into words.



Pink lemonade is not much of a brain stimulant but he overlooked nothing in attempting to get the answer.

exhibitors and other places where the answer might be found.

Most of them won't admit that they are searching for the answer. The mere statement of the question might imply that they thought something was wrong with the movies. And that would never do.

Universal, however, seems to be afflicted with more frankness than any company has ever displayed. Carl Laemmle, the president, admitted the company never expected to get its money back on "Foolish Wives" in the same breath that he offered theatre owners Universal pictures at any price that they showed they needed in order to make money.

Now comes Frank Mayo, one of the most popular of the Universal stars. He had spent many weeks looking for the answer before I went to see him as a representative of PANTOMIME, and he was too full of it to speak of much else. He asked me the question. I don't know the answer, so here it is, passed on to you—

"What do you want?"

Asked a little bit more in detail, it is—What do you want in the way of pictures that will make you go to the motion picture theatres in crowds?

Here's the secret—pictures, as a business, are not as prosperous as they used to be. You don't go as often or don't take as many friends. So that's why theatre owners, players, producers and every one else in the industry want an answer to the question.

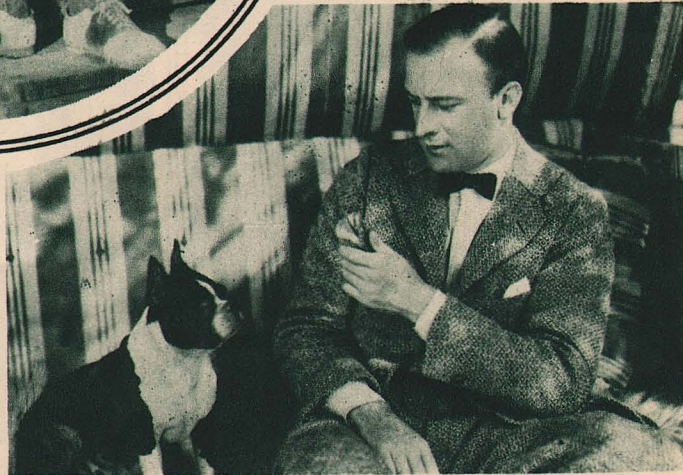
"You know we have lost all our guideposts," said Mr. Mayo in discussing the question. "Pictures that could not possibly do any business have gone out and broken records. Others that have had all the earmarks of a big success have dropped dead.

"A year ago no one would be connected with a costume picture. Every signpost that existed indicated that the public wouldn't have one of them for five cents admission. Then 'Passion' was released and went out and made a phenomenal record. The public ate it up. Now everybody is making costume pictures and none of them have made any real money.

"Naturally the answer I would like is as to the kind of pictures the public would like to see in Westerns—out-door stuff—is the only thing I have



He was all set for a camping trip when he decided that an answer to the big question was more important.



Solomon has been a big help on other things but in regard to this he maintained a discreet silence.

"Why, I would——" I stopped. I found I didn't know. So it's up to you. What do you want?

What Makes a Comedy Funny?

By Walter "Fatty" Hiers

"THE laughs that are in it?" I can hear you answer.

But that's only part of it.

Making film comedies is a very serious business, and uncertain as a French tennis champ. Henri Bergson, a lad who would make a great slapstick producer, says that people will always laugh at incongruities. The biggest man in town having his plug-hat knocked off by a small boy's snowball, John D. Rockefeller shaking hands with Trotsky, or the Philadelphia Athletics winning the baseball pennant—situations like that never fail to win the guffaws of the multitude, says M'sieu Bergson.

George M. Cohan developed Henri's theories a bit further and gave a list of sure-fire comedy situations that always get laughs. At least one-third of the audience will roar until its suspender buttons pop, states Professor Cohan, if a comedian starts to leave the room, and on reaching the door, indulges in a sudden forward motion as if he expected to be assailed from behind by the toe of a boot. If he sits on a tack, has a chair yanked out from under him, cracks a joke about Prohibition, mother-in-law, Brooklyn, or W. J. Bryan, the ensuing mirth will positively rock the theatre until the safety of the building is threatened.

Both these boys know whereof they speak. My own theory of comedy, however, is slightly different.

I've seen comedies that were packed with Mr. Cohan's sure-fire situations, and yet the audiences failed to crack a smile. On the other

hand, some pictures achieve reputations as comedy hits that are as bare of the time-honored chuckle-wringers as home brew is of a kick.

What determines whether or not a comedy is funny, is not the number of laughs there are in it and how gloom-proof they are, but how these laughs are placed.

The technical name for a bit of comedy business is "gag." I think the word comes originally from the minstrel show game, where it referred to the by-play between an end man and the interlocutor that resulted in the minstrel joke.

Some directors' idea of the way to make comedy is to dump in a few score of good gags wherever they happen to fall. That is a sheer waste of laugh possibilities. If you do not properly prepare the audience for a gag, the gag won't get the laugh it deserves. Maybe it will fall flat.

Another result of this haphazard method of gag-placing is a picture without logical sequence. Even in slapstick comedies, the director should insist that the story make sense, that one scene develop logically into the next. If a laugh doesn't fit, it shouldn't go in. A comedy should be arranged so as to make room for a laugh at the beginning of the picture, to get the audience into a good humor right off the reel, and another good one at the end, so as to send them out of the theatre smiling and with a mental note to see the next Hiers comedy. That's important—just as important as it is for a newspaper story to have a strong lead and conclusion.



Hiers says he has a right to pack around a grouch—but if he does, he doesn't look it.



Hiers often works with Sylva Ashton—who is far from being a featherweight herself.



Like all other fat men, Walter Hiers is superstitious—so he carries a horseshoe.

Every gag in motion pictures must be led up to properly, though the audience should not be aware that the ground is being broken for it, any more than the raw wood and canvas behind a stage setting should be revealed to them.

Next comes the actual gag. To get the maximum of laughter, the gag should be just a little shorter and speedier than it might be. I have

frequently seen a good gag spoiled because it was overdone. The other day I witnessed a screen comedy in which the comedian packed a trunk tight and then closed the lid. When he turned his back, the lid popped open. He shut the lid again and turned away. It popped open.

The gag was repeated five times! At the end of which I barely resisted jumping up and yelling, "Cut, for the love Mike!" Well, the trunk lid got a big laugh the first time it popped, but the fifth time it had the audience ored to white heat.

One good laugh per gag is an excellent percentage, and the wise comedian doesn't try to repeat.

What follows the gag is important also. There shouldn't be anything that will jolt the audience out of its cheerful mood too suddenly.

Injecting comic relief into a serious picture requires some rather nice calculation and shouldn't be attempted by anybody but an

(Continued on page 31)

The Art Director as an Architect

By Blythe Sherwood

WHEN we see D. W. Griffith's production, "Orphans of the Storm," we are astounded by settings that carry us off to the court of Louis XV and waft us away to the beautiful garden of Bellaire. If motion pictures do nothing else, they help us to travel and to appreciate history.

But the men who make these feats accessible to us are the art directors even behind the directors and producers.

We remember the name of D. W. Griffith connected with "Orphans of the Storm," because it stands sentinel in electric lights and in advertisements. But the man who designed the settings, who plodded through infinite volumes of research to verify the costumes; who sketched, built models, and from the models actually aided with the construction of the scenic investiture, has his name on the program down in an obscure corner.

Charles Macalear Kirk of Pittsburg, A. E. F., and Montpellier, is not yet twenty-seven. That he is D. W. Griffith's art director means that, first of all, he is an architect.

"The study of architecture," Mr. Kirk says, "is absolutely essential as a foundation for one who wants to be of any use as an art director in motion pictures. If a man does not know how to build a normal-sized house, how can he expect to be able to construct Babylonia, Paris, Monte Carlo, and similar scenes, perhaps almost over night?"

"When I was at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburg, one of the tests that was given to us as embryo architects was that each of the students of the class was locked in a so-called 'closet' with two pieces of drawing-board and other utensils, and required to sketch some designated draught of architecture. The assignments ranged from anything in the Roman era to that of today. We either were called upon to draw the facade of a French chateau of 1876,



Charles Macalear Kirk,
D. W. Griffith's twenty-six-
year-old art director.

He built a Paris of the last
century, with Notre Dame
and the guillotine, in a cow
pasture in Mamaroneck,
N. Y.

This ancient Paris street
scene, built almost over
night, for "Orphans of the
Storm," is faithful in its
reproduction.



the dome of a Gothic cathedral, or fountains of a Persian terrace.

"These tests were given to all the students studying architecture throughout the land by the directors of the Beaux Arts during every term. Anyone who has not had to meet such tests cannot realize his inexperience to attempt any sort of service as an art director who is always called upon to build any sort of thing at any time."

When Kirk graduated from the Carnegie Institute of Technology he went to war. His soldiery abroad merited a gratuitous term at the University of Montpellier on the Mediterranean, offered by the French government to a limited number of worthy fighters who had also had four years of college.

Kirk spent a few memorable months studying more art before his return to America. Then he began work as a designer for an exclusive interior decoration shop of New York. He then proceeded as an apprentice to the art director who was working on the "Way Down East" settings for Mr. Griffith.

Kirk says he finds Griffith encouraging to talk to, and that the latter isn't a bit impervious to suggestion. The two of them work harmoniously together. Kirk's method is to first draw a sketch of the set that his chief desires, so that the producer sees in black and white how his idea may materialize.

If Mr. Griffith approves the drawing, Mr. Kirk then builds a miniature set, hardly larger than a desk blotter, made of cardboard, hair pins, and glue—usually tinted.

When this is complete, Mr. Griffith, the cameraman, Mr. Sartov, and the head carpenter, sit in judgment on it, and discuss where the lights will be placed on the large set. Mr. Griffith knows what action is needed, and Mr. Sartov knows how it is to be photographed. The stage carpenter is aware of exactly how it is to be built. Consequently, the little model is invaluable, in that if it does not meet the requirements of each of these men, it can be altered, and no expense will have been wasted on building and destroying an actual set.

As soon as everything has been decided upon, and the model is pronounced O. K., then the set goes into construction.

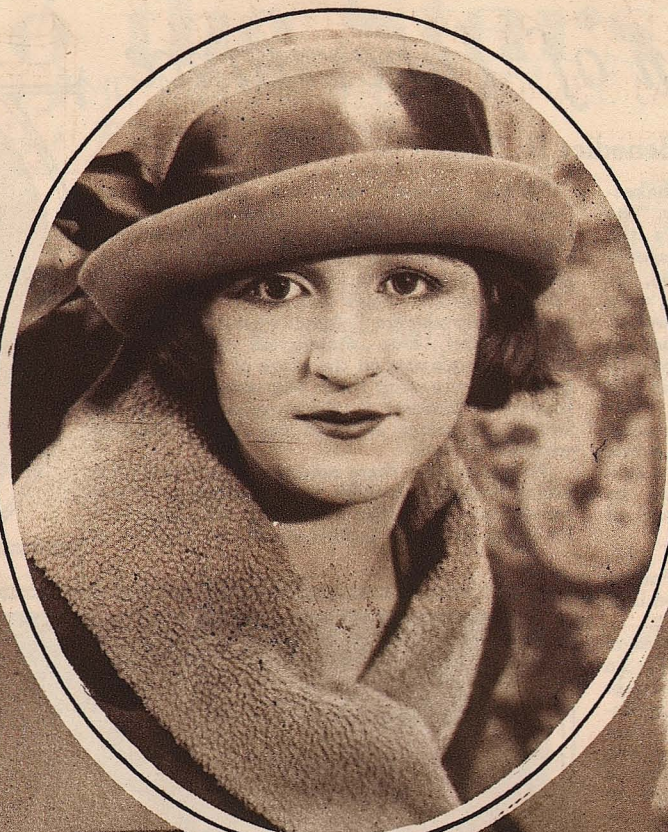
The term "art director" is gradually growing to mean more than a title that takes up space on the screen. To those who know, sympathize and emulate, to be an art director signifies, besides being an architect, patience on a pedestal with a hammer in his hand.



Business

Worn by

At the right is one "extreme" of Julia. A tan felt sport hat, just built for business wear. It's trimmed with brown ribbon, and is worn with the nasturtium cloth cape with sheared sheep collar, already described.



Clothes

Julia Faye

And at the bottom of the page is another "extreme" of Julia. Black patent leather shoes with three straps, a two-and-one-half-inch heel, and with insets of brown leather at toe and heel. The stockings are just plain black silk. Not so good for rainy weather, perhaps—but very, very easy to look at.



"Blue serge, and plain, serviceable browns are a boon to the business woman," says Julia Faye—and to say truth, she does look more like a business girl than an actress. No frills or foolishness for her. She prefers such sensible things as this cape of nasturtium cloth, with sheared sheep collar and tan felt sport hat that isn't afraid of bad weather.



For the concert, or an afternoon promenade down the boulevard, Julia suggests a green and white wool sport dress, with a white felt hat and white fox furs. White kid shoes and white silk stockings, and a white bag beaded in green complete the costume.



A Question of Inheritance

By Benedict R. Sobler

ON the same plane of worthiness as Shakespeare's time-worn bit of phraseology, "the play's the thing" is: "antecedent's the thing for the play." Paraphrasing Shakespeare makes one quite safe from refutation, too, for anybody brave enough to dispute anything even remotely associated with the Bard of Avon would, in turn, be cried down by the multitude of Shakespeare idolators, as unethical. Maybe they'd even call him a little cracked in the cerebral region.

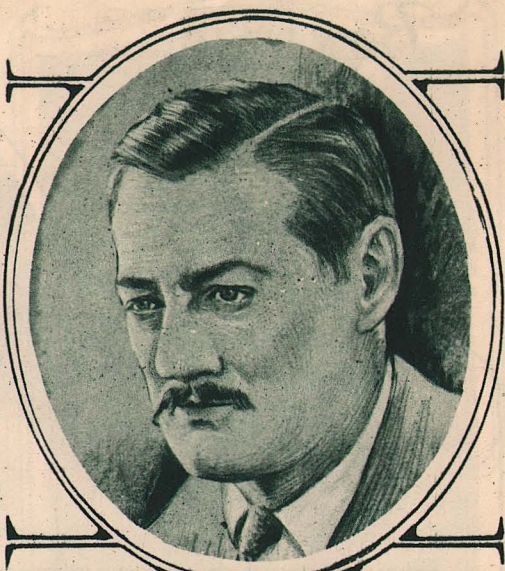
Presumably no topic has provoked more widespread interest than that of talent—that subtle something which is given at birth to only a favored few; that something which makes its possessors superior in their particular field of endeavor, than the less favored.

No truer maxim can be quoted than: "He (or she) is a born actor (or actress)." For, as in other branches of art, a true pantomimic artist is born, not made.

The stars of today have no consciousness of their ancestor's failures, when performing by an untaught ability, what they slowly, perhaps painfully, acquired. To this end, then, it is proposed to assume that all the luminaries that form the huge constellation of stars appearing in photodramas today have continuously advanced from the beginning of the theatre vogue way back in moldy centuries, up to their present-day perfection, by inheriting their histrionic capacities

"Acting talent," say the anthropologists, "may lay dormant for many generations, maturing all the while, and then, suddenly reappear in a later generation in full bloom. That master-spirit of the theatre, Shakespeare, also said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Again we must agree with Shakespeare. But, though all the men and women are players on the stage of life, there are precious few among them who are good enough players to perform on the stage of the theater, where admissions are paid for the privilege of witnessing them.

To prove that there actually was a strain for acting coursing through the antecedents of our movie stars, and what was almost an experiment by those forebears is now almost an instinct in



Buster Keaton, pictured here with Viola Dana, says he slid into this world on grease paint and expects to slide out the same way. Above—Lionel Barrymore, who was at the painter's easel when the footlights beckoned.

their descendants, it is only necessary to mention a few instances out of the many.

Backgrounded by three generations of actors is the famous Barrymore family. Literally brought up amid the chaos of the stage, the grease paint, the powder and tinsel, none of the Barrymores chose the life of a mummer at first. For, you see, they knew not only the glorious phases of a mummer's existence, but also the inglorious.

Ethel, the eldest, was the first to yield to the irrevocable hereditary strain. At the time of her entrance into theatrical life she was giving piano lessons. Her elder brother, Lionel, was painting when he heard the irresistible call of the footlights. The youngest of the trio, he who still answers preferably to "Jack," wanted to be an illustrator, but soon followed his already famous sister and brother to the land of the grease paint. Notable among his recent screen contributions is "The Lotus Eater." Both Lionel and Jack, it is evidenced, prefer the sun-light arcs and Kliegs to the footlights.

Without doubt, Charlie Chaplin's talent and taste were both inherited from his father, who was a distinguished pantomimic vocalist in England. But, natural ability alone would not have sufficed to place Chaplin in the blazing sunlight of the public's eye, if he hadn't persevered in working like a titan for the perfection of his pantomime. While his father was quite well known and admired in England, he never reached the sublime pinnacle which his son has wrested from an unwilling fate.

Chaplin senior, with all his local popularity and success, had his limitations, while his son has an unlimited scope for advancement in both the quality of his presentations and popularity. Charlie's most recent picture is "The Idle Class."

Choosing at random another exemplification of

the soundness in the theory of heredity which we are presenting, we come to Buster Keaton. "The Three Keatons!"—what old-time vaudeville fan doesn't remember them! None, I say! The animated football, who, for the sake of convenience is called "Buster" Keaton, says he slid into the world on grease paint and probably will slide out the same way. Another of Buster's witticisms is he was brought up being knocked down.

"Pop's idea of comedy was to throw me through every back-drop curtain in the Keith circuit," he says, "and I'll bet I've absorbed more punishment in the way of being used as a human mop than any ham pugilist with a cauliflower ear."

After his parents retired from the stage, Buster Keaton betook himself to the screen, where he has gained a considerable following in the knock-him-down-drag-him-out comedies. Being exhibited today are such little gems of his as "The Playhouse," "The Boat," and his latest, "Cops." Jackie Coogan is the son of Jack Coogan, also an exponent of vaudeville. Little Jackie made his first stage appearance in company with his father. His initial starring production was "Peck's Bad Boy," which he followed with "My Boy."

Filmdom has its famous sisters too, in whom a genealogical talent runs. Norma and Constance Talmadge, who by reason of various popularity contests in which they have come out on top, may be justly called two of the foremost artistes on the screen. Norma has finished "Smilin' Through," and Connie, "Polly of the Follies."

Then we have Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren, both actresses of no little ability. Katherine MacDonald has lately offered a picture which widely diverges from anything

(Continued on page 30)



John Barrymore was the last of his family to harken to the call.

from their forebears. It is also recognized by internationally known students that although many of the movie stars shining so brightly on the silversheet today have no knowledge of their ancestors ever having been performers before them, all of them, if they could look back far enough, would discover at some remote period, an antecedent who was a performer of some sort.

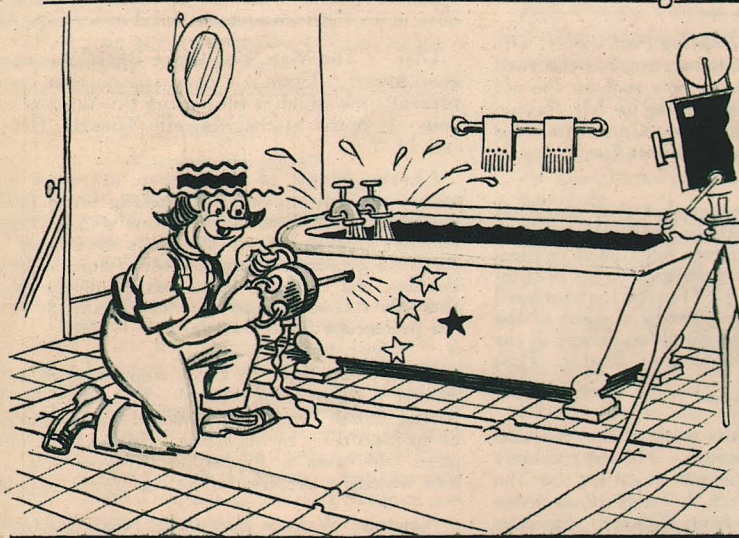
Making the Stars Shine!

A PARAPHRASE OF MR. KIPLING'S BALLAD, "THE LADIES"

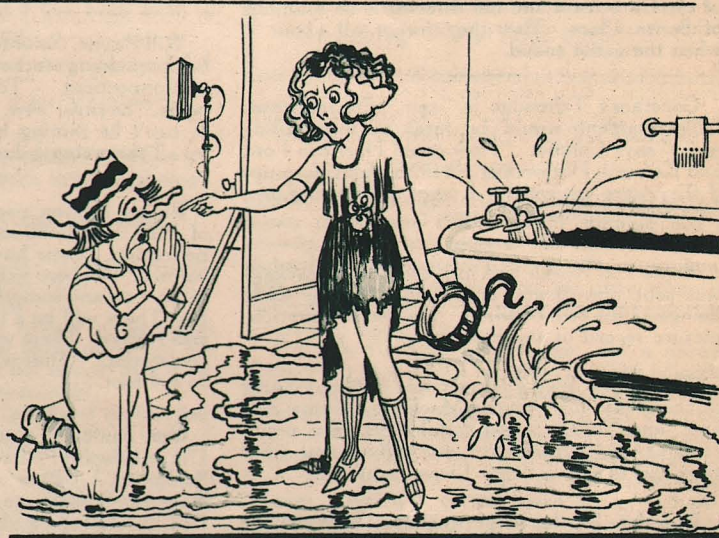
By FRED R. MORGAN



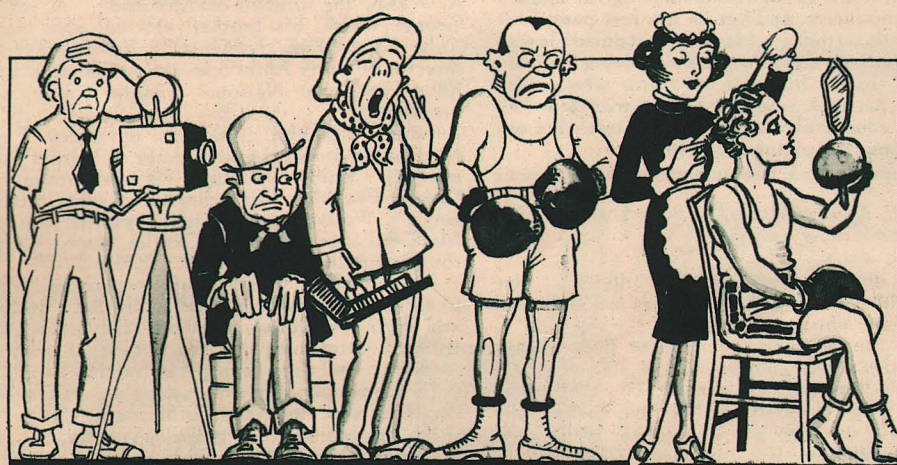
I'VE TAKEN MY STARS WHERE I'VE
FOUND THEM
AND DIRECTED SOME FILMS IN
MY DAY -
I'VE HAD MY PICKIN' OF BEAUTIES!
BUT THE JOBS NOT AS SOFT AS
THEY SAY!



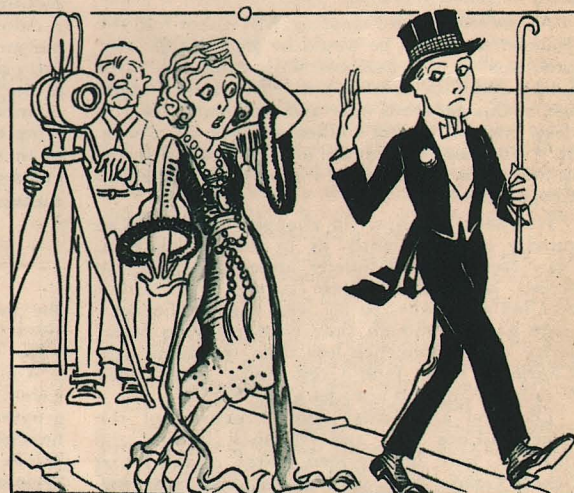
I WAS WORKING ONE DAY IN A BIG SET
WITH A CUSTARD-PIE COMEDY STAR!
HE'D TURN ON THE WATER - BORE
HOLES IN THE TUB
YOU KNOW HOW COMEDIANS ARE!



THE INGENUE'S GOWN WAS ALL RUINED!
SHE SLAMMED THE BIG STAR TO HIS KNEES
"NEXT TIME I APPEAR WITH A POOR SIMP
LIKE YOU"
"I WILL WORK IN MY B.V.D.'S!"



AND THEN I DIRECTED A S-E-R-I-A-L!
'T WAS ALL ABOUT HEROES WHO DARE
THE GUNMEN AND PRIZE FIGHTER WAITED 2 HOURS
WHILE THE HERO'S MAID MARCELLED HIS HAIR!



WE FINISHED THE FIGHT SCENE
BUT OH! WHEN
WE GOT TO THE LAST FADE-OUT BUNCH
THE HERO QUIT COLD AND REMARKED
WITH A SNIFF -
THIS LADY'S HAD ONIONS FOR LUNCH!

FANDOM NOTES

Viola Dana admits yielding to the rolled stocking fashion, and she finds it works splendidly. But some other actresses have been complaining to her of the difficulty of keeping a roll in their stockings.

One of the beauties of California is the travel it affords—without undue exertion or long journeys. The other day I ate lunch in Zanzibar, Africa, California, with George Walsh. He is appearing in the serial, "With Stanley in Africa," and Africa has been "erected" near Balboa Beach, within Fording distance of Hollywood, provided you have the kind that goes. Mine does—sometimes.

Wanda Hawley and her director glared at each other across the arena where was being fought a basketball game between the L. A. Athletic Club and Santa Clara University. Wanda was mascot of the Club team and her director is an alumnus of Santa Clara. But they forgot all about it when the game ended.

Constance Talmadge is "agin" disarmament. "Disarmament would be fatal to my leading men," says Connie. "How could Harrison Ford and Kenneth Harlan hug me in the final close-ups if they were disarmed? I want my leading men with full equipment of arms."

While Hal Roach was in New York a package was sent him—being a film showing the daily doings of his two children. He keeps a motion-picture record of the kiddies.

Thomas H. Ince gave a triple birthday-party at the studio for Douglas MacLean, Milton Sills and Jane Novak, whose natal days were simultaneous. My reason for not telling you what they had to eat was that I wasn't invited.

Theodore Kosloff is getting up a fund for the starving professional people in Russia. Why neglect Hollywood?

Movies of Yesteryear

(Continued from page 15)

and one day he invited Mr. Lasky, whom he had never met, to a friendly little conference. They went to lunch together.

At the end of their meeting, Mr. Zukor told the younger man that he would be glad to talk over problems of the business with him, whenever Lasky cared to consult him. Mr. Lasky made use of this generous offer and frequently used to drop into Mr. Zukor's office and ask his advice. In 1916 Famous Players and the Lasky forces united under the name of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Nowhere, perhaps, do changes take place so rapidly and frequently as in motion pictures. New faces are continually appearing upon the screen, and old faces are fading. Mr. Zukor recalled stars who, to us, were dim memories—mere names—though they were enjoying popularity and prominence less than ten years ago. Charlotte Ives, Jane Grey, Alice Dovey and Winifred Kingston are just a few of them.

Did you know that John Emerson, of the Emerson-Loos duo, and Marshall Neilan, the director, were once screen stars? That Fritz Scheff, George M. Cohan, Anna Held, Sam Bernard, Donald Brian, and Lenore Ulric tried pictures for a time? That Wallace Reid was once leading man for his wife, Dorothy Davenport, and likewise Cleo Ridgeley, Kathlyn Williams, Myrtle Stedman and Anita King? Do the names Carlotta Nillson, Laura Sawyer, Max Figman, Malcolm Williams, James O'Neill, Couderc, and Lois Meredith mean anything to you? They were once Famous Players stars.

Gaby Deslys, the famous French dancer who died recently, made a picture for Famous Players

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

Leah Baird, now heading her own company at the Ince studio, was overcome by gas from a leaking radiator in her dressing-room, but was revived by a passing studio employee.

Who is doubling for Antonio Moreno?

Whoever it is, "they" are doing a good job, doubling all over the place. Antonio Moreno was interviewed in Mexico City recently. Moreno was the victim of a society robber in New Orleans on the thirtieth. Moreno was seen in a mob of strikers at the big shoe manufacturing center, Boston. Moreno was visiting his home in Campamento, Spain, according to Madrid papers.

Moreno has not left Los Angeles in the past two years.

"All I ask," said Tony gently, "is that this double doesn't sign his checks with my name."

Will Payne, *Saturday Evening Post* writer, who has been doing stories for the screen, has returned to Connecticut. "To put a new roof on the old home," he says. Aw, quit kidding us, Mr. Payne! It can't be raining back there—California used up all the wetness during its recent floods.

Buster Keaton rises to predict that comedies of 1922 "will have something new in the way of policemen. Cops have never been used in films before. The hero will win the girl. This is absolutely new and something for fans to look forward to. There will be a little comedy in some of the two-reelers. There will be no plots, except in the cemeteries." That will do for you, Buster. Pass to the foot.

You can't get a minute with either Richard Dix or Edward Peil nowadays. They're too busy "chinning." They appeared together on the stage in "Hawthorne, U. S. A." and in one scene Peil had to take a blow from Richard. He says now that when they want someone to hit him in a film, please page somebody beside Richard.

in the early days. Jeanie Macpherson broke into the movies as an actress, and her last appearance on the screen was in the famous hair-pulling scene with Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen." The first association of William S. Hart with Famous Players was when the western actor starred in a picture, back in 1913, called "The Bargain."

Adolph Zukor is the veteran among the motion picture producers, and yet he has just passed his forty-ninth birthday. He is the recognized leader of the industry, which partially explains the heap of more than a hundred telegrams which were lying on his desk when we talked with him—all of them congratulating Mr. Zukor upon his ten years of motion picture achievement.

A Question of Inheritance

(Continued from page 28)

she has done heretofore—"The Infidel." Her sister, Mary, has a prominent part in Fairbanks' "The Three Musketeers."

Anita Stewart and Lucille Lee Stewart are sisters, the former however, is a star of much greater brilliancy than the latter. Anita has finished "The Woman He Married," which she thinks will serve to polish her title to an even greater brilliancy.

Another very popular duo is Lillian and Dorothy Gish, both of whom have won a position in the motion picture "Hall of Fame." The two sisters have registered a signal achievement by their performance in D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm."

Lottie Pickford, a star of yesterday, is sister to "Our Mary," the brightest stellar light of them all.

Now come the Romuluses and Remuses of the photoplay world. Charles Chaplin is the brother

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some particular actor or actress, all questions must be signed by the writer's name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be made the day the query is received. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

J. K.—Olga Petrova has recently appeared in a stage production called "The White Peacock." The play is said to be written by the actress herself, although it does not bear her signature.

Puddin'—Patsy Ruth Miller is the featured player in Rupert Hughes' original story, "Remembrance." She and Ruth Miller are not the same. Ruth Miller, frequently seen in the Cecil De Mille productions, was recently married to Bill Boyd, a juvenile motion picture actor.

Constance—Betty Burke and Billie Burke are cousins. Marie Walcamp is to begin work at once in an eighteen-episode serial of western life.

Olga—"The Man Who Came Back" has never been filmed. There is a company on tour at the present time which is presenting this famous success. It opens at the Majestic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cherie—Many of the screen actresses who gained recognition on the speaking stage prefer the screen, but Alice Brady is one who is true to her first love, the stage. She says she enjoys the thrill she gets from the responses of her audience. Besides, she says she looks better on the stage than on the screen, so who can blame her for her preference for the stage?

Walt—You want to know what kind of automobile Wallace Reid prefers? Just what do you mean? He drives a high-powered machine in one of his pictures. In his latest, "Across the Continent," he uses a flivver." Suppose you ask him which he prefers, for he has never told me.

Newton—Wallace Beery and Noah are brothers. Wallace is soon to be seen opposite Priscilla Dean in "Lass o' Lowrie."

of Sydney Chaplin, who is engaged by the Robertson-Cole Company, and has already completed "King and Queen Joker."

Thomas H. Ince and Ralph Ince are pre-eminent directors, the former having for his current creations, "Hail the Woman" and "Skin Deep"; the latter, "Red Foam" and "Justice." Raoul A. Walsh, the director of "Serenade," in which George Walsh, his brother, starred, also made "The Kindred of the Dust." Edwin Carewe, director of many Anita Stewart productions, and Finis Fox, First National scenario writer, are brothers.

Sidney Franklin, producer of many First National photoplays and director of Norma Talmadge's "Smilin' Through," is the brother of Chester Franklin, also a director of some prominence. Wesly Ruggles, who created "Slippy MacGee," has a brother, Charles, appearing on the legitimate stage.

In Albert Ray, Charles Ray has a cousin, who, to all appearances, might be his brother. Joseph and Sam De Grasse, brothers, also have contributed extensively to the output of motion pictures. And thus we might go on interminably, until our supply of movie-makers would become depleted, and the reader exhausted.

In concluding this genealogical treatise on inherited talent, we make this suggestion to film aspirants: look back in the family annals and see if at any time any of your antecedents were performers. If none of them were, and if you give a thought to your descendants, devote yourself to the drama. Even if you make no success yourself, your grandchildren probably will. What was experience to you will be instinct to them.

Thus continues the world-old conflict between endowment and desire, between capacity and will—at once the tragedy and comedy of mankind.

Barthelmess—the Unwilling Vamp

(Continued from page 12)

have you noticed that he always plays opposite a tiny little miss? Probably Lillian Gish is the tallest of them all. But wouldn't you like to be his guest some summer morning when he's painting chicken coops?

And—let's be confidential! Dickey's eyes say more things a woman likes to hear—more than any pair I've ever looked into.

When I told him that—I meant in the pictures, of course—it seemed to distress him. Because he says he doesn't want to be a lover. At least, not the sort that women rave over. He told me that was the reason he liked "Tol'able David" so much—they had eliminated all the love scenes they possibly could.

He asked me if he "looked that way off the stage," and seeing how he disliked anything like matinee idolatry, I assured him that he didn't.

Secretly I'm not sure yet but that it is his earnestness in the first place that gives birth to the expression.

Whatever Dickey wants his eyes to say, they haven't far to go. They just have to speak what he wants them to.

I know, 'cause I'm a woman.

And, if I do say it as should'n't, I can wiggle a pretty naughty optic myself.

Give a Thought to Father

(Continued from page 10)

as the lovely bride whispered, "I do." And the audience would have been weeping with her.

But father—poor father—he was present in spirit only, and even the spirit had to stand out in the cold.

But Dad will have his day. Though we haven't as yet sighted it in the cinema offing, we are convinced that the great "father picture" is coming. Perhaps Theodore Roberts will play the paternal role. He is our favorite character actor, and we hope so. There are emotional depths in Theodore as yet unplumbed—of that we are quite sure. Charles Ogle, George Fawcett, Noah Beery, Dore Davidson, Spottiswoode Aitken, Joseph Dowling and Frank Keenan are other promising candidates.

A Regular Feller

(Continued from page 6)

good apartment. Cost \$40,000. The only trouble is, it isn't paid for yet."

"Never mind about that," I urged. "Tell me something about how you feel when fair maidens rush up to you on the street, pining away just to look into your eyes, and shake your hand."

"Gene grinned. "Sometimes they do come up to me on the street," he said. "But they're not usually beautiful—and most of the time they either want me to subscribe for something—or they ask me for a pass to the theatre."

Charlie Duprez had run out of plates for his camera, so we decided to leave. As we reached the door, for our exit, I turned back to our victim.

"Of course, you have some message for the great world of movie goers," I said. "What is it?"

O'Brien threw up his hands.

"Nary a message," said he. "I'm in the movies not to elevate the drama, but simply because I can make more money at that than at anything else. And when I'm not working, I don't want to be thought of as an actor. I just want to be a regular feller."

And Charlie Duprez and I are both here to announce that he is just that.

Eustace Gets the Pip

(Continued from page 8)

to get her out. Den'dey come out, togedder.

De chief looks like he's been dragged through a knot-hole.

De goil looks quite happy and contented.

She comes over to me.

"This is the deah little boy I was speakin' about," she says, lookin' at de chief.

He takes a hard look at me.

"The next time my wife comes to the office bring her right in," he says wid sumpin' in his voice what makes me decide dat I won't be around when he comes in tomorrow.

I knew de wife was from de land of cotton, but dis one was so good wid de "thutty" talk I thought she was a bright New-Yorker.

Dat's why I'm sayin' dat either I loined too much or too littel. I guess maybe I'm gettin' de pip from havin' so many chickens around.

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What Makes a Comedy Funny?

(Continued from page 25)

expert. Haven't you often become absorbed in a screen drama and then without warning had a comedy parson thrust upon the screen or some gag pulled that was intended to relieve the tension, but which came at just the time when it was least needed? A bad break like that can ruin a perfectly good picture.

The late George Loan Tucker did a daring thing when he shot the big scene in "The Miracle Man"—the scene in which the Patriarch makes good and the crippled boy drops his crutches and the lame girl arises from her wheel chair. Right in the middle of this tense scene, when he knew the audience would be breathless, Mr. Tucker injected a comedy close-up of a hard-boiled newspaper reporter watching the miracle with mouth ludicrously open with excitement and a cigarette dangling from his lower lip. I saw "The Miracle Man" several times, and that reporter, without detracting in the slightest from the dramatic appeal of the scene, always got a laugh. Somehow he helped the scene, as the expert Mr. Tucker knew he would. It was a well-placed laugh.

In all my comedy work, thinking up gags has always been the easiest part. Placing them correctly is what threatens to make me thin. Time and again I have had my pet gags removed from the final draft of a scenario or even cut out from the finished film, simply because I didn't think they could be fitted in to good advantage.

A screen comedian is handicapped. He can't try out his gags on an audience on the first night of a new show and then on the second night drop the ones that didn't get by, as the stage comedian does. Once a comedy is completed and shipped, the gags are there to stay. If they don't get laughs, it's the comedian's funeral.

Nevertheless, making comedies is, to me, the most fascinating business in the world. Carrying out comedy situations that will hit the mark and offend nobody, showing originality, without straining too hard for it, being natural and human without at the same time appearing commonplace—that, to my mind, closely approaches an art.

The greatest dramatists of all times paid a lot of attention to comedy. Shakespeare wrote them; many of his best scenes are pure slapstick. So did Moliere and Sheridan. Garrick, Joe Jefferson and Richard Mansfield are just a few of the great actors who made their reputations largely in comedy. To be called a great comedian is one of the highest honors the stage or screen can offer.

But this business of figuring out, almost blindly, how, why and when people laugh is so difficult that a film comedian is the only person in the amusement world entitled to lug around a grouch.

And most of us do it.

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